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REV. JAMES LONSDALE

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BY THE REV. JAMES LONSDALE, M.A.

Late Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE HON. G. C. BRODRICK

WARDEN OF MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD

'Humility is the great ornament and jewel of the Christian Religion'
(JER. TAYLOR)

WITH A PORTRAIT

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INTRODUCTION

By the Hon. G. C. BRODRICK

The subject of the following Memoir was one who rather shunned than courted publicity, and might perhaps have deprecated, with native modesty, any posthumous record of his life. That life, indeed, though passed in eventful times, was not in itself eventful, and the character revealed in it was not of the order which impresses itself forcibly on the world. Though James Lonsdale's boyhood was spent in the midst of the fierce political excitement kindled by the first Reform Bill, which heralded the advent of Democracy in England, his political sym-

pathies, Conservative as they were, never impelled him to identify himself openly with the Conservative Party. Though he entered the University of Oxford at one of the most critical epochs of its religious history, and witnessed the great Neo-Catholic Revival of this century at its fountain-head during the period of its greatest intensity, first as Scholar and then as Fellow of Balliol, he took no conspicuous part either in promoting or in opposing the 'Oxford Movement,' of which, however, he clearly foresaw the tendency. It is certain that he never fell under Newman's influence, and was impatient of the dogmatism then prevalent among the younger Tractarians, but neither did he publicly join the ranks of the Evangelical or of the Broad Church School ; and, in later years, without any essential change in his convictions, he seemed quietly to accept that form of modern Anglicanism which has most in

common with the belief and practice of the old High Church divines. This life-long neutrality, so unfavourable to worldly success, was due to no deliberate policy, but rather to a deep constitutional instinct, partly inherited from his father, the excellent Bishop of Lichfield. He was moderate in his own opinions, because he claimed no special inspiration, and sincerely, if not unduly, respected the opinions of others. He was tolerant, because he would have thought it presumptuous, as well as un-Christian, to be intolerant. He did not seek promotion, and even declined the offer of it, not only because the ordinary objects of human ambition had little attraction for him, but also because he was contented with his lot and carried diffidence to the length of unjust self-depreciation. He could not be a partizan, because partizanship naturally involves unfairness and exaggeration, than

which nothing could be more repulsive to his loyal nature. He attempted no great work, either literary or practical, partly, no doubt, because he early became conscious of infirm health, unequal to sustained efforts, but mainly because he felt that he was doing as much good by the comparatively petty tasks which he set himself as he could have done by leaving some permanent memorial of his ability.

The impression which he thus produced on those who knew him best was singularly harmonious and distinctive. The boyish freshness which he brought from Eton but preserved in later manhood; his rare candour, not unmixed with a certain shrewd and ironical humour; his almost cynical dislike of emotional display, of 'intellectualism,' of humbug, of ostentation; his amusing partiality for humble friends, for backward pupils, and for companions inferior to him-

self; his unfailing kindliness of manner, the same towards high and low, young and old, men and women; the simplicity of his habits, in dress, in diet, and in taste;—such are the principal traits by which he will long be remembered among his old parishioners at South Luffenham and Huntspill, his neighbours in Surrey and Sussex, the few survivors of his old College friends, and the many younger men who profited by his patient and sympathetic tuition, at Balliol, at King's College, or in his various country-homes. No one had reason to fear him; every one had reason to respect and to love him. He was an admirable scholar of the old order—of the days before classical scholarship had become specialized, and when it implied less command of learned illustration, but perhaps a subtler insight into the spirit of ancient authors. His Greek and Latin compositions, of which

many were published, but far more remain unpublished, possess the grace and finish of style which, under the exigencies of modern research, are in danger of passing into a lost art. His parochial sermons, without being eminently powerful, were generally effective, earnestly delivered, and rife with pregnant, or even quaint, sentences; while at Balliol he was one of the few 'Catechetical Lecturers' who succeeded, under adverse conditions, in making their discourses interesting. His conversation was too unstudied to be called brilliant, his aim being to elicit rather than to impart information, yet it bore the stamp of independent thought which coloured his entire life.

Such a life, uneventful as it was, is not unworthy of record, so far as it exhibits a genuine individuality, beautiful in itself, and truly representative—not, indeed, of a class, but of an original type, never likely to be

too common in the world. Though James Lonsdale was like no one but himself, he could not have been what he was if he had not been his father's son, an University man with a special training, and an English clergyman living through a special period of English Church-history. It is not only the successful leaders of men whose portraits repay study, but also those gentler souls whose outward features are at once the reflex of their age, and the expression of their own inward nature. Among these James Lonsdale may fitly claim a place. He aspired neither to be a hero nor to be a saint, yet he unconsciously grasped that greatest secret of spiritual power which consists in absolute singleness of character and of purpose. And so, it may be, the story of his life will be profitable to many who, cast in no heroic mould, are content, like him, to stand and wait in their appointed service,

without thought of earthly reward, mindful of the Divine words: 'Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever will be first among you shall be your servant.'

PREFACE

JAMES LONSDALE was the last person in the world to expect his life to be written. His aim was the praise of God, and not of men. Judged by the standard of the world, his life was a failure. With brilliant talents, he courted obscurity: with rare opportunities of promotion, he kept himself in the background: with an income sufficient for idleness, he worked as if for a livelihood. But, judged by the Christian standard, he had the meekness which commended Moses to the friendship of God; the lowliness in his own eyes required of him who would 'dwell in God's holy hill;' and the wisdom described by St. James as 'pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.' This

unworldly wisdom saved him from the pangs of ambition, from rivalry, and from flattery. He could not be disappointed, for he expected nothing. He could not be beaten in the race of life, for he did not enter the lists. He could hardly be flattered, for he stopped the mouth of the flatterer at the first word.

Therefore his life was peaceful, independent, 'hid with Christ in God.' He had few needs and few anxieties. He was not 'careful and troubled about many things,' but he chose that good part which could not be taken away from him.

The clue to his character is to be found in his obedience to the law of Christ.

He never went out of his way after pleasure. 'The trivial round, the common task,' furnished for him all he asked, namely, room for self-denial and daily progress on the road to Heaven. He sought no more. Content with these, he allowed excitement, comfort, and repose to come or go as God willed, and this was the secret of his 'rest below;' this fitted him for rest above.

He did not however mention religion in

ordinary talk, nor did he force it into notice. But an under-current of it ran through all he said and did.

He did not care to be thought a good man. He did not think so himself. He would have disliked to be called good. 'Why callest thou me good? There is none good save One.' He avoided therefore all affectation of righteousness, all sanctimonious Shibboleths, and was only too ready to give others credit for more religion than they possessed. That was a good fault however, as it often produced a desire in his friends to act up to his estimate of their character.

Neither did he care to be thought a great man. He much preferred to be nobody. He always took the lowest room, but with no wish to be bidden to go up higher. He was not great as the world counts greatness; not a hero and yet admired; not a Society man, and yet no one was more welcome in a social circle. His sympathies were with the poor and with servants, whom he treated with the greatest respect and to whose special knowledge it was his delight to defer, and so to set

them at their ease. It was perhaps his unfeigned deference to the opinion of others and to his choice of those topics only on which they were well informed, that made him so agreeable to all, whether rich or poor, and secured for him friends wherever he went. Indeed he could hardly make an enemy. It would have been almost impossible to quarrel with one so unassuming, so natural, and so careful to avoid offence.

Add to this his special characteristic, contentedness. It might almost be said of him as of St. Paul, 'Having food and raiment,' he was 'therewith content.' Having also friends and books and warmth and shelter, he was more than content; he was cheerful; though weak health troubled him during most of his life. He never wished for luxuries. He hardly allowed himself what are usually considered the necessaries of life. He ate 'what was set before him, asking no questions' and making no complaint. He coveted no man's goods and envied no man's success. The Lord was his Shepherd; he lacked nothing. He led him 'beside the still waters.' 'Goodness and

mercy,' he would readily have admitted, 'followed him all the days of his life.' Therefore, when he walked 'through the valley of the shadow of death,' he 'feared no evil,' for God was with him; his rod and his staff they comforted him.

Much, very much, did Mr. Lonsdale give away in private. He spent next to nothing on himself, 'his only extravagance was in giving.' As one of his oldest Pupils, and as one who had loved and admired him for more than forty years, I felt as strongly as did those immediately connected with him that such a life as his ought not to be forgotten for want of a biographer, and, as no one else seemed available, at their request I undertook the task, not from any peculiar fitness for it, but as almost the only way left to me of showing my deep affection for him. I trusted also that the story of so blameless a life could not fail to do good. In my anxiety to preserve his words and the exact impression that he made on others, I have quoted from letters more largely than is perhaps consistent with a narrative, or rather, I have tried to make his story tell itself. My best thanks for

invaluable help are due to his family, and to those friends also whose names appear as his correspondents. To them I trust that this Memoir, though without any literary merit, will be valuable as a record of the sayings and doings of one of the best of men.

R. DUCKWORTH.

THE CLOISTERS, BATH, 1892.

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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JAMES LONSDALE

CHAPTER I

BIRTH—PRECOCITY—SCHOOL DAYS AT LALEHAM AND AT ETON—KINDNESS TO SISTER—DISPOSITION AS A BOY—WINS BALLIOL AND NEWCASTLE SCHOLARSHIPS—WRITES IN THE COLLEGE MAGAZINE—GOES TO A PRIVATE TUTOR—LIFE AT OXFORD—B.A. DEGREE—OBTAINS A BALLIOL FELLOWSHIP—M.A. AND TUTOR OF BALLIOL—TAKES HOLY ORDERS

JAMES GYLBY LONSDALE was born at his grandfather Mr. Bolland's house at Clapham on October 14, 1816. He was the eldest child of the Rev. John Lonsdale, afterwards for nearly twenty-four years Bishop of Lichfield, and of Sophia, fifth daughter of Mr. John Bolland, M.P.

He was, like his father, a precocious boy, and afterwards, like him, one of the best classical scholars of his day, never quite equalling him in

knowledge of Latin, but, with greater advantages, excelling him in Greek. From him he inherited his flow of spirits and unfailing humour. From his mother, who was a singularly beautiful woman, he inherited the bright look and sparkling eyes, which impressed all who saw him. From her also he drew much of that brightness, humility, and spirituality which were among the most striking traits of his character. To her he was attached with the passionate devotion of a delicate boy for a mother of whose sympathy he is always sure. They understood one another, and her death, when he was thirty-six years old, was perhaps the saddest event of his life, and to it his thoughts very frequently reverted.

As instances of his precocity, he is said to have known his letters when fifteen months old, and to have shouted out the numbers on London houses while carried in his nurse's arms.

The next thing we find is that when he was six years old he wrote the following letter :—

To Mrs. Lonsdale, Wakefield

1822.

My dear Grandmamma,—I think you will be happy to receive a letter from me, the first I ever wrote. I hope you keep yourself warm,

both in your dark and light rooms, this cold weather. Uncle Henry, I suppose, brings home a good appetite from hunting for his dinner, but no fox. We shall be very glad to come and see you both next year. Johnny hopes the dogs and horses are well. Lucy is very blowzy. Grandpapa continues much better. Nanny is quite well, and sends her duty to you. Be so good as to remember us children to all the servants. Johnny begs me to say that he had rather wait for his Bible and Prayer Book till uncle comes to town. Papa and mamma are very well, and join with Johnny and me in wishing you and uncle many happy returns of the day on which you will receive this. Believe me, your affectionate grandson,

JAMES GYLBY LONSDALE.

Queen Square : December 30, 1822.

We were very happy at Clapham on Friday last. I wrote this letter without having my hand guided at all. Do not shew it.

At eight years old he went to a school at Kensington, coming home to his father's house in London for Saturday and Sunday.

In January 1826, when he was nine years old, he was sent to a school at Laleham, kept by the Rev. John Buckland, brother-in-law to Dr. Arnold,

of Rugby. What was probably his first school letter, in round hand on ruled lines, has been preserved. As in his former letter, and as in his whole life, he never forgot servants, but treated them almost as equals. This is the letter :—

To Mrs. Lonsdale, Queen Square, Westminster

My dear Mamma,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I tell you that both Johnny and I are well. I have had nothing but mutton and water for my dinner. . . I like the school pretty well, and most of the boys are kind to me. Johnny has not been plagued with the tooth-ache. Johnny and I hope that you and papa, our sisters, Nanny and the servants, are well. I have nothing to eat with the boys. I and Johnny hope that we have pleased Mr. Buckland in lessons. I shall be very happy in hearing from you again. Believe me to remain, affectionately yours,

JAMES GYLBY LONSDALE.

When recovering from scarlet fever at Laleham, he chose 'Paradise Lost' for his reading-book, while Martha Buckland, his companion in misfortune, chose the 'Newgate Calendar.'

At Laleham, his brother says,

He had driven into him the elements of Greek and Latin so thoroughly that when, in

1828, he went to Eton, he was placed in the Lower Remove—the highest possible place. . . . I see him now walking up and down the school-yard at Laleham . . . spouting out Virgil's Æneid. A prize-task repetition of a book of the Æneid, or two books of Horace's Odes, or some such book, was set at the end of each half-year. It is almost needless to say, he never failed to get a prize. Little else but Greek and Latin were taught at Laleham. An old French *Émigré* came once a week to give a French lesson. The book was the 'Travels of Anacharsis.' For weeks and weeks, I remember, we took up to him the same chapter, the visit to the oracle at Delphi; and our old teacher never discovered the fraud, in which my good brother joined as heartily as the rest of us. Lessons were no trouble to him: he always knew them thoroughly.

A flying visit which he paid to Laleham in the autumn of 1828 is thus described by a new boy, Howel W. Lloyd, afterwards one of his most intimate friends, though differing from him in religious opinions:—

> The boys hailed him at once all round with a hearty demonstration of affectionate regard. . . Anyone could have seen in a moment that, when one of themselves, he had been the favourite

with them all. Boys, just as in after-days, were wont to confide to him their little troubles, and they knew by experience how they might always rely on his ready sympathy and help. After the first rampant outburst of salutation there arose a general din of entreaty for assistance. It was not merely the stereotyped 'Do get us a half-holiday!' expected of every visitor to the school. But it was, 'Do, Jimathan' (the two brothers, James and John, were by an affectionate sort of diminutive known among the boys as Jimathan and Jonathan) 'help me out with my verses,' or, 'Give us a construe of to-morrow's lesson;' all of which reasonable requests, from highest to lowest, were no sooner made than complied with. The gratitude of my own class was unbounded for his rendering of an Ode of Horace. The elegant, yet simple English into which those perplexing Latin idioms could be thrown with ease and fluency by an Eton boy . . . became . . . insensibly a model for my imitation.

In September 1828 James went to Eton. Though weakly, he seems before long to have been able to defend himself, for in a letter written long afterwards, on November 17, 1862, Dr. Balston, then Head-master of Eton, writes thus:—

Only think of my having run from you in the Cloisters as a fourth form, and ever after

having learnt to dread you, though a sap.![1] And I thought a sap. fair game until you showed me you would stand no nonsense. So then, of course, my impudence was changed into respect.

In March 1830, Lonsdale got his tutor [Bishop] Chapman's prize for 'the Lower Division' (fifth form), Denison (now Lord Grimthorpe) and Hobhouse (afterwards Bishop of Nelson) being equal second, and the Hon. 'Mr. Lyttelton' (afterwards Lord Lyttelton) fourth. Bishop Hobhouse writes:

I feel sure James was sent up[2] every 'Half,' *i.e.* three times a year. He certainly was during the time that I was at school with him, *i.e.* for two years. His ascendency in the pupil-room was always the same. He was out of our reach.

Another of his tutor's pupils says that he remembers well what a splendid 'construe' Lonsdale used to give—such good English.

The earliest recollection of her eldest brother by Mrs. Bryans, who was then a child, was of the fun that he brought in amongst the younger ones of the family.

[1] Sap., short for sapiens, a sapient fellow, who works hard at his lessons and cares less about play.

[2] *I.e.* sent up to the Head-master for a particularly good copy of Verses or Theme (Prose). The numbers of these sendings up were marked in the School List.

He was then (she says) a day-boy at Eton (afterwards he went into his tutor's house). I remember his kindness to me when I was in childish troubles. One day he came back for midday dinner and found I had been sent to bed because I did not know my lessons. I remember him in the night-nursery beside my crib, helping me to learn the unsaid lesson. Another time I was put in the corner with a dunce's cap on my head. I felt as if I could never be happy again ; as if I were disgraced for life, till Jem came home. As soon as he saw me, he pretended he was in a 'funk,' and that I was a ghost. Of course I began to feel that anything he made fun of could not be so utterly crushing as I had thought it. . . . He was so entirely modest over his successes that I think we young sisters took them as a matter of course.

He was not strong enough to take any leading part in games, but he enjoyed a game at cricket or hockey, and gained some experience in rowing.

A letter from his friend and companion Hobhouse, written to me after his death, throws considerable light on his Eton career.

Wells: May 25, 1892.

. . . . . .

He lives in one's memory as the sweet, pure-minded, gentle companion to whom one looked

up as living on a loftier level than those around, and who seemed incapable of anything impure in thought, word, or deed. He mixed but little in boys' games. We shared sometimes a two-game of cricket in a quiet nook of the playing-fields where no one else cared to play, and sometimes shared a skiff, but more commonly walked together for exercise.

Once only can I remember his doing anything athletic, and that was an evidence, not of his athletic prowess or strength, but of his public spirit. In 1836, when I was stroke of the Balliol boat, and one of our oars failed us during the races, Lonsdale volunteered to fill up the gap, and in spite of all risks and disabilities he rowed for two or three races. This must be credited to his pluck and *esprit de corps* and not to anything else.

The search in my memory of sixty-four years has been very pleasant to me in bringing back the unvarying portrait of so precious and helpful a friend, always from the earliest 'adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour,' and so commending it to his fellows. . . .

His compositions were always bright with humour, and often manifested the deepest of his sacred convictions and of his leading qualities of *humility and charity.*

When he was but little over seventeen, and

still at Eton, he went up for the Balliol Scholarship, as is shown in the following letter to

Rev. John Lonsdale, 88 Great Russel(l) Street, Bloomsbury, London.

Angel Inn, High Street, Oxford: Monday, November 25, 1833.

My dear Papa,— . . . We left Slough about ten, came up to Oxford by the 'Magnet,' a very good coach. According to mamma's wish I went inside. We have put up, as you see, at the Angel, where we are very comfortable. . . . On Saturday I went and gave my baptismal certificate, as well as my letters from Keate and my tutor, to Jenkyns,[1] and was very much amused at the formal manner with which he received me. Erskine, who had just settled to try for the scholarship, went in with me. I have been extremely kindly treated by a great many Etonians, particularly Erskine, who took me into Hall with him to dine, and asked several old Etonians to meet me in the evening. Yesterday, of course, I had nothing to do. I went to church at St. Mary's and heard Mr. Ogilvie, and in the evening went to Adams ma. at Ch. Ch., who has just beaten Cotton at the Craven. . . . This morning at ten we went into Hall to the examination. There are about thirty candidates and only two scholarships, and many men from the University trying, so of course my chance is very poor. We had

[1] The Master of Balliol.

a Latin essay on *τὰ ἐπιπόνως γενόμενα πάντες μᾶλλον στέργουσιν*,[1] and have to go in again in the evening at seven for two hours, I believe. Please tell mamma my cough is nearly well, and that I feel all right. I declare Oxford is so pleasant, and everybody treats me so well, that I shall be quite unwilling to return to Eton again. The examination lasts four days, and the result is not known till Friday. I do not think from what I see that Balliol is a bit stricter than any other college, but I believe there are a great many reading men in it, though they say Christchurch gets more honours than any other college even in proportion. I hope mamma is pretty well after all her labours at Eton; thank her for all her kindness to me at starting. . . . Rawnsley begs to send his respects to you and mamma. Give my best love to mamma and also Nanny.[2] . . .—Your affectionate son,

JAMES G. LONSDALE.

On the Friday the result was known. But he shall tell it in his own words:—

Balliol, Oxford: November 29.

My dear Papa,—You will be equally surprised and delighted to hear that I have just been elected to the second scholarship, Stanley, a Rugby fellow, having got the first. The announcement was very awful. 'Mr. Stanley

[1] 'What is born of hard labour all men especially prize.'

[2] His old nurse.

and Mr. Lonsdale—I mean Mr. James Lonsdale.'[1] 'Erskine congratulated me most kindly I wish with all my heart he had got the other; he has been so very kind to me. I suppose I shall not be back at Eton now till Monday, as I have got to be matriculated. Directly after we had got the two scholarships we were walked into the chapel, which was lit up with lights, and where were assembled all the Dons, as they call them. We had to swear not to divulge the secrets of the college, and not to squander any of its property. An Exhibition is attached to each of the scholarships. I declare I can hardly believe it is not a dream yet. Pray give my best love to mamma, who I know will be delighted to hear it. Our examination has been nearly or wholly composition. I think I did my essay on the Æneid best. Pray excuse the scrawl, as I am in a terrible haste to save the post, and believe me, your affectionate son,

JAMES LONSDALE.

I shall write to Johnny. Has my tutor written to you yet? I shall write to him on my success.

At the beginning of the Christmas holidays James and his friend, Edward Rawnsley, breakfasted with Mr. Buckland at Laleham on their way

[1] There was another Lonsdale at Oxford at that time.

home. In a letter which he gave to James to take to his father, he says: 'James has always been so steady a reader with his good abilities that his success was a certainty, and I now want him to get the Newcastle[1] in addition.' James also wanted to get the Newcastle in addition. Writing to his father from Eton on February 16, 1834, he says: 'The examiners have just been appointed, Messrs. Milman and Hall. . . . As neither of them have ever examined before, all manner of vague guesses are made about the style of the examination.' To his mother he writes the day before the examination:—

> I shall go up to . . . . 'tournament with good heart,' as yours and papa's assurance that you will be satisfied, whatever the issue, is quite enough. Hopes of the medal[2] I have really given over. Ryle and Phinn are my most formidable antagonists.

Six days afterwards, on March 15, 1834, he tells the result:—

> My dear Papa,—Contrary to every expectation, I have got the scholarship and Stoney[3] the

[1] The chief classical scholarship at Eton.

[2] The first in the examination was called 'Newcastle Scholar,' the second 'Newcastle Medallist.'

[3] The future Lord Lyttelton.

medal. Poor Kingdon, I do not know what he will do, or I either, when I see him. Keate, Milman, Hall, and my tutor all congratulated me; and Hall said, as he was going to town, he would leave this at your house, 88 Great Russell Street. I am so astonished that I can hardly believe it. Give my best love to mamma, and pray write to the girls and anybody else. I am so delighted, I cannot write strait (*sic*); so please excuse more. Hall, A. Milman, Keate, and my tutor were all *very* kind. So much for my wishing to leave at Christmas. Stoney is very jolly at getting the medal. I will write to-morrow. Love to mamma, who will be delighted.

He thus attained the highest honour that Eton had to give. As with the Balliol scholarship, he was so astonished that he could 'hardly believe it.' All through his life he undervalued himself, his abilities, and even his judgment. He was, indeed, a little too apt to be swayed, except in matters of right and wrong, by the opinions of others less qualified than himself to judge. Through this failing, however, he altogether avoided the opposite extreme—namely, overweening confidence in oneself, a special pitfall of youth and inexperience. But let us finish the story of 'the Newcastle' in

his own words. He writes, as he promised, the next day :—

My dear Papa and Mamma,— . . . The examination has been a stiff one ; but I will bring the papers home, by which you—*i.e.* papa—can judge best. It lasted half of Friday as well as the four first days, and on Friday night thirteen were selected—viz. Carter, Phinn, Kingdon, Thring, Bayley, Lyttelton, Brodrick, Lonsdale, Courthope, Ryle, Mills, Williams, and Symons. You will be not less sorry than I was, that Rawnsley was not included ; but he bore it most excellently, and comforted himself by Williams and Symons being the only elect (!)[1] who had not been up for the Newcastle three times. Others, too, were disappointed. Demosthenes and Virgil were the authors in which we were examined *vivâ voce* ; and about twenty minutes past two Keate came out of Chambers and told Lyttelton that he was the medallist and Lonsdale the scholar. I was taken into Chambers, where both the examiners congratulated me, and Hall offered to take a letter for me, which I hope you got. Lyttelton and I were carried to my tutor's in triumph, and Bayley rushed into the pupil-room and told my tutor, who could hardly speak for joy. But the only bad part was to come,

[1] Probably the slang term of that day for 'select,' as they were afterwards called even by the boys.

which was the meeting Kingdon, who, I must say, bore it most excellently. And, really, I do not feel near so happy as I could have expected, for all the collegers are terribly cut up, so that I dread meeting them. They behaved very well, and congratulated me kindly, though they all confessed that they would much sooner that Kingdon should have succeeded. They were more cut up, too, by hearing that Kingdon was third, and then again a good interval, Ryle next, and Phinn, K.S.,[1] fifth. The rest, as being a good deal inferior, were not classed. But I cannot say mine is a comfortable situation, and, however happy I feel, yet I wish to get home and be quiet. However, I must bear it, for this plaguy St. Patrick keeps us till Tuesday. Of all the fellows that congratulated me, none, I think, was so glad as Rawnsley; and I must say for myself that the School in general would quite as soon I should have got it as Lyttelton. Kingdon is another case. I have come to one determination: that I will always in future follow your advice, as I think this is a proof to me how injudicious I was in wishing to leave at Christmas. How are the four girls, particularly Poty?[2] I saw Buckland, Mrs. B., and Martha yesterday, who were all delighted. My tutor,

[1] K.S. = King's Scholar = 'Colleger' = boy on the Foundation.

[2] His youngest sister.

with whom I dined last night, has given me a Hesychius, which makes eighty-eight leaving books,[1] which is a very good number. To-day I dine with Carter, and to-morrow with Hawtrey.[2] I will write to Johnny so soon as I can, for I have lots of letters to write. Pray write to aunt and uncle at Lincroft. Of course you have done so to the girls. But the holyday for it must be kept till I come. . . . Keate sent me up for Play[3] in the middle of the week. And now good-bye ; and believe me to remain, your affectionate son,

J. LONSDALE.

On the same day his tutor, Bishop Chapman, wrote to James's father to congratulate him on his son's success :—

Eton College : March 16 [1834].

My dear Lonsdale,—The glad tidings of James's success has already reached you, but I am sure that to neither of his parents will his tutor's heartiest and thankful congratulations be

[1] 'Leaving books' were presents given in his day and long afterwards by other boys, or rather by their parents, to a boy who was leaving Eton, and who prided himself on the number of volumes so acquired more than on the literary value of the books.

[2] Hawtrey, then an assistant-master, afterwards Head-master of Eton.

[3] The best copy of verses or prose 'sent up' earned a half holiday each week for the school. The school, however, took it as a matter of course. It counted double in 'the List.'

unwelcome. He has fought a good fight and earned an honourable victory; and though it will not increase your pleasure, it cannot diminish it, to learn from one whose estimate of his character is founded on the best grounds and from long observation, that his conduct and zeal and constancy of purpose have well deserved the distinction he has so well earned. . . .

Though working steadily at school-work, Lonsdale found time to write three pieces for 'The Kaleidoscope,' the successor to 'The Eton College Magazine.' They were all written when he was sixteen, in February, March, and June 1833, and show remarkable thoughtfulness, sprightliness, and reasoning power, and more confidence in his own opinions than he showed in later years.

Lonsdale did not begin residence at Oxford till the autumn of 1834, having spent the previous half-year at Bumpsted-Helion with the vicar, Mr. Hodgson, a former Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, as his private tutor, 'the best teacher he ever knew.'

The only account of his undergraduate days is from the pen of Mr. Howel Lloyd:—

In the summer of my second and his third year (1836) we both obtained permission to

remain at the college (Balliol) for the first month or two (of the Long Vacation) to read for our degree. He had ground to make up in mathematics, I in classics. He worked regularly and industriously under the private tuition of Mr. Johnson, of Queen's,[1] who declared his proficiency equal to the attainment of a First Class in any ordinary year. A namesake of his, however, outstripped all the candidates for mathematical honours to an extent which, in justice to him, compelled the examiners to award him the sole triumph of a First, relegating his fellow-candidates to the minor glories of a Second. To James Lonsdale it was indeed no slight credit that his unwearied assiduity in the prosecution of a study for which, as he told me, he had no natural taste but rather aversion, enabled him to effect so much. He began it late, some time after he entered the University, and then solely to gratify his father, who keenly desired that his son should gain a 'Double First.' . . . Not that during this period his Latin and Greek were wholly laid aside. For one of my books I had proposed to 'take up' the Iliad among the sixteen then required for Honours. He suggested that we should go through it together at the rate of a book a day. We did so; and vast was my astonishment at the mastery which he displayed, not merely over difficult passages, but the entire poem.

[1] Afterwards Dean of Wells.

With every line he was familiar—every word. The readiness, the extent, and the accuracy of his memory were simply incredible. It was the same with the Greek Plays, as I learnt when my own examination was upon me in the year next after his own. I had been lamenting my having so long neglected my Sophocles that I must have forgotten much and had not time left to look through the Plays. With the same kindness that during his lifetime so distinguished him, he insisted upon going through the Plays with me, glancing only at the difficult choruses. Here again he was in his element.

In a letter, many years after, he alludes to the pleasant walks we took together in the summer afternoons. Drs. Liddell and Scott were employing the same vacation in the compilation of their famous Greek Lexicon, and now and again we saw them sallying forth after their day's labour, looking not a little worn and exhausted, for their recreative ride. Even in his undergraduate days he had a dislike to everything savouring of 'donnishness.' He had generally a playful story to tell as an instance of this weakness in others; but one or two whom he regarded as special examples he would designate Don So-and-so.

In 1837 he took his B.A. degree, obtaining a First Class in classics and a Second in mathematics.

In November 1838, as Dr. Henry Holden relates in his account of his friend after his death, printed in 'The Guardian' of May 11, 1892, he was

> one of the four who were elected Fellows of Balliol in a celebrated contest, when among the thirty candidates some twenty were First Classmen; the three others elected being E. C. Woollcombe, long an honoured name in Balliol, Dean Lake, and the present Master of the College, Dr. Jowett. To James Lonsdale was assigned part of the college tuition, and there it was that he first showed that deep interest in his work of teaching which was so marked a characteristic of his after-life. Nothing was too low or laborious for him. As Dean Scott used to say, he would gladly undertake work that no one else would. He never seemed happy without teaching. Even when failing health obliged him to withdraw, as it more than once did in after-life, from public work, he frequently had recourse to private pupils, not so much to increase his income as to continue the study of his beloved classics. And fortunate were they who came under his care. They found in him a tutor who delighted, not in the cleverness of his pupil, but in the simple communication of his favourite knowledge. And after giving it up at Oxford he returned to it in schools under the management of his friends, who were only too

delighted to have such an invaluable addition to their staff of teachers. This fondness for teaching often brought him into contact with other eminent scholars in the public examinations at Oxford and first-class schools. His friends will remember what a mutual regard there was between him and the famous Cambridge scholar, Shilleto, a man of kindred acquirements with himself, and how fond he was of quoting him in his teaching. 'Never was there such an examiner,' writes one of his old associates. 'See him settle down to his work, his bright, kindly eyes and genial manner getting the confidence of the boys at once. His marvellous powers and widely extended knowledge made him an excellent examiner of Sixth Forms, but, if any one wanted to see his exceptional gifts, he must see him with the low forms of a school. Boys had no fear of him; they understood his questions at once, and didn't mind if they gave him a wrong answer. He would put them right in such a gentle way that they were never abashed. How they loved him! Examination days were a treat when he was examiner.'

He took his M.A. degree in 1840, and was a Tutor of Balliol, 1841–42. On June 7, 1842, he took Holy Orders. Writing on that day to his mother, he tries to make out that others are as ill as himself:—

The examination was very fatiguing, owing to the quickness they gave us the papers and the excessive heat. . . . Really, on Saturday morning I felt so poorly, what with my boil and a pain in my chest and biliousness, that I had well-nigh fairly given in. Other men said they were equally knocked up. . . It is very pleasant now to be at the old college again. You laugh at my pope Jowett, but I really know of nobody so clever. Several here look upon him and Stanley as quite the cleverest persons here. The only fault in both of them is that they are too purely intellectual, and rack their brains from morning to night. I saw Hobhouse last night after returning from Cuddesdon. He was most melancholy about the men who had seceded to Rome. . . . He seems bent upon staying at Merton to reform it. My love to you all. . . I have not settled my movements yet.

But they were soon to be settled for him. Hard study and a sedentary life seem permanently to have disordered his liver.[1] Most people would have thought themselves justified in being idle under the circumstances. His few wants would have been supplied by the income

[1] To save himself from a sleepless night he used to make his supper off one or two roasted apples, which he cooked himself in front of his fire, suspending them by a string from his chimney-piece.

derived from his Fellowship, for he took a pride in not being a burden to his father; and, as his eyesight was never affected by illness, he might have indulged himself in pleasant reading, and in writing poetry; and hardly any one would have said that he was wrong. But that was not James Lonsdale; he would work till he dropped. He would wear out, not rust out. He was absolutely unable to continue his hard work at Oxford, where he would frequently sit up at night to prepare for his lectures, and give up his time of exercise in order to help some poor hard-reading man in his studies. But he could still do something for God.

CHAPTER II

ILL-HEALTH—GOES TO MALTA—WATER-CURE AT BOWNESS —HIS PREACHING—ASSISTANT-MASTER AT ROYAL INSTITUTION SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL—ACCIDENT AT SWANAGE —TUTOR AT DURHAM UNIVERSITY—PRINCIPAL OF HATFIELD HALL—DEATH OF HIS MOTHER—OFFERS TO RESIGN HIS POST AND HELP HIS FATHER

LONSDALE had now decided to give up Oxford, where he had worked so hard, and where, in his dislike of change, he had intended to stay for the rest of his life ; and he went, writes his brother,

> for health's sake (the doctors saying that his lungs were affected, though never was there a more gross blunder) as chaplain with the [late] Reverend Philip Mules,[1] Fellow of Exeter, to Bishop Tomkinson, first Bishop of Gibraltar. He was in Malta the whole winter, 1842–43. One day an invitation came to the chaplains to a ball at the Governor's, and the Bishop said, on being asked, that James and Mr. Mules had better go and show themselves. Shortly afterwards he received a copy of 'The Record'

[1] Rev. Philip Mules died 1892, a few days after Lonsdale.

newspaper, at that time a strong Church paper of the Evangelical type. In one corner he found a paragraph headed 'Dancing Clergy in Malta,' followed by some pungent remarks on the ungodly practice of which the Bishop's chaplains had been guilty, and ending with the inquiry whether St. Paul, when he was at Malta, had gone to a dance at the house of Publius. This tickled my brother's fancy very much.

Not long after his return his eldest sister asked him if he were better. He answered, 'No; I'm getting worse. I don't mind!' The next thing that we hear of him was in 1844, when he went to Bowness to be a patient under the care of the hydropathic doctor Paisley.[1]

There he was suddenly made to alter his whole way of living. In the dark winter mornings he was wakened by a bath-man with a sheet stiff with frozen water, packed in it for an hour or more, then taken out for a cold sousing with water, dressed quickly, and sent hatless and bare-necked to take a walk before breakfast up the hills, with a horn in his pocket to be filled at the running streams. He used to spout Homer as he went. There were but few patients, living in such lodgings as Bowness in its old simple days could afford. They must have

[1] At Malvern also he went through the process of water-curing by Dr. Gully.

looked rather like madmen, but Bowness was not shocked. His handsome and witty cousin, John Bolland (youngest son of Baron Bolland), was one of the patients. The water doctor was a character, as was also his Irish wife. He said, 'The Church assembled in his house.' His wife wished 'the Church would wipe its boots.' As James attended the parish church, and not 'the church' in the doctor's lodging, she would say, 'Lonsdale's not religious, Lonsdale's moral.'

Mr. Graves, who was then curate in charge of the parish of Windermere, writes of him :—

> He was at that time in a very low state of health, and there was but slight anticipation of his being better. He soon made acquaintance with me, and I remember, in the before-breakfast walks which were prescribed for him after the packing-bath of the early morning, he often came hatless and with uncovered throat to the Parsonage for a greeting and a talk. Intimacy ensued, and a study in common of the Epistle to the Romans led on, as his health became stronger, to his occasionally preaching for me in the old church, of which, and of the old-fashioned ways which then prevailed there, he was very fond. His keen sense of humour, and the boyish delight he took in what was innocently amusing, caused him to enjoy infinitely, but without any impairing of his feeling of reverence, the old clerk,

Joseph Crosthwaite, and his grotesque announcements of various kinds.

But the sermons he gave to our congregation were most precious, for they frankly, uncontroversially enforced Christian doctrines. For myself, I may say that I have *never* heard sermons which possessed the same charm for me. The piety of them was so genuine and spontaneous, without a tinge of formality or affectation; humility and human-heartedness shone through them all; while the style, to which you could never give a thought while you were listening to him, was at the same time intelligible to all, and yet the fit expression of a thorough and most elegant scholar. It seemed as if they were written as naturally as they were felt, the simple pouring out of an affectionate heart and a thoughtful mind, conveying his habitual, deep-seated convictions, and coming from a brother who placed himself, or rather felt himself, on a perfect level of sympathy and love with all who heard him. And in harmony with this was his intercourse with all my parishioners. He was the delight of all, so companionable, so sincere, taking interest in the welfare of all, felt by all to be fundamentally earnest and truthful and serious, while yet he joined freely in pleasant, unforced talk, and rubbed his hands together in enjoyment when some bright word or incident especially pleased him.

To me our intercourse was much more than merely delightful companionship. I have always felt that it brought to me most solid and valuable materials for the building up of character and for the right use of judgment in matters both practical and critical—gifts for which I feel eternally indebted to him, though I may not have profited by them as I might. His rigid truthfulness made him, as a critic, in a singular degree free from prejudice and foregone conclusions ; and this, added to his sound and accurate scholarship, rendered his judgments in sacred and classical literature what, both in process and result, were of the highest value—exemplar-types for a fellow-student ; while the same truthfulness applied to his judgment of the characters and conduct of men and women saved it from being the unbalanced expression of the charity and kindness which were equally habitual to him. I thus was perpetually learning from him lessons telling upon every part of my work as a clergyman, and this enhanced to the utmost the unvarying satisfaction derived from his manliness, his cheerfulness, his quick, bright intelligence, his trustworthy friendship.

That a man of such powers and qualities should not have entered upon some high sphere of work, calling those eminent attributes into adequate exercise ; that he should have been content to lend himself, as he so largely did, to

the help and support of overtasked friends at the head of classical schools by contributing to them his admirable gift of teaching, so lively and so sympathetic, was due, I think, not only to his humility, sincere as that was, but also to a consciousness that his bodily health was insufficient to warrant him in undertaking duties of which the strain would have been unintermitting, and which, in his opinion, would have caused his speedy breakdown, to the disappointment of himself and all interested in him, and to the injury of schemes of good which he might initiate but would be unable effectually to establish. Be this as it may, he worked willingly and cheerfully at what he felt he could do, and was ever, as many know, prompt to answer a call to any service in his power to render.

At Bowness he made the acquaintance of a Miss Michaelson, with whom he formed a friendship which in course of years led to their engagement; after a short time, however, it was broken off by mutual agreement. She died two or three years afterwards.

During his stay at Bowness, 1844–49, three events happened in his family which added very greatly to his happiness—viz. the marriage of his sister Fanny to Mr. Edmund Beckett Denison [1] and

[1] Afterwards successively Sir Edmund Beckett, Bart., and Lord Grimthorpe.

that of his brother John to Miss Jardine in 1845, and, a few years later, that of his youngest sister, Sophia, to the Rev. William Bryans. Of his first introduction to Miss Jardine the following graphic account is given by herself:—

> The first time I ever saw James Lonsdale, he came with his old friend Mr. Edward Rawnsley, and his sisters Fanny and Sophy Lonsdale, to pay a first visit to his future sister-in-law. I can see him now, as he came into the room, last of the party, with his beautiful dark eyes dancing with merriment; but I remember nothing special of him in that visit except that his sisters told me afterwards that he had made them all laugh so immoderately on their way to our house that they had to wait near the door to quiet down before they rang our bell. He was making absurd proposals as to how they were to be announced: 'Gents on a visit of congratulation,' &c. He also inquired seriously whether he should be expected to embrace me. When assured that it would be quite unnecessary and even improper, he said, 'Very well: now I don't mind going.' . . . The next time I remember him is at Eccleshall Castle, where he and I were, in a manner, keeping house for the Bishop in the absence of Mrs. Lonsdale (I think in '48). He was then in very poor health, which,

however, certainly did not affect his spirits. . . . He often preached at Eccleshall, to help our dear friend Mr. Mapleton, curate there at that time; and he used to write his sermons in the drawing-room, quite undisturbed by the talking which went on round him.

After alluding to 'the extraordinary beauty of his preaching,' Mrs. Lonsdale continues:—

The next time that we were much together was at Swanage [in 1851], when he was coaching you and your two brothers, and when you had lodgings high up on the Cliff and not quite impervious to the weather, so that you had occasionally to sleep under umbrellas.[1] On Sundays we used to be rather a large party in a great square pew, and the gentlemen had to kneel upon the seat, holding out their prayer-books over the aisle. On one occasion one of them dropped his book into the aisle in the middle of the Litany with a loud and hollow sound. James asked me afterwards whose book it was, and said, 'Oh yes! I thought it was old J., because he made his responses in such a humble way afterwards. Don't you know; he was making them in rather a comfortable cocky

[1] One morning Mr. Lonsdale was discovered sitting gathered up in bed under an umbrella, while the rain was dropping through the ceiling. He looked unutterably miserable but still more ludicrous, and he could not help laughing at himself.

voice before? Poor old J.' . . . His fun had a peculiar gentle sweetness, so kind and considerate for every one's feelings, that no one could be hurt by it, even though they knew that they were being laughed at. There is nothing that I remember about him more distinctly than his deep sorrow if he thought he had been cross or irritable. I was made quite ashamed by an apology from him once when I richly deserved a good scolding.

From 1849 to 1851 he humbly taught as an assistant-master in the Royal Institution School, Liverpool, of which his warm but eccentric friend the Rev. Dawson W. Turner was the Head-master. Dr. Turner had great power of teaching and of making others work, being an indefatigable worker himself. Lonsdale had helped him in his studies at Oxford, and his gratitude knew no bounds. His death in 1885 was a great grief to Lonsdale, who wrote an admirable little memoir of his life.

He found time, however, to pay a visit at Beechwood, in the New Forest, Hampshire, to which he alludes in the following letter to the Editor:—

Eccleshall, Staffordshire: November 22, 1850.

. . . I have been very busy lately with one thing or another, but should just like to write you a line or two. . . . I was glad to hear from Frank[1] the other day, and was glad that he liked Scott,[2] who Norris[3] says is a capital coach. . . . Yesterday my father had a letter from old Hawtrey. It was just like the Doctor, immensely civil and elegant in its sentences. I say, what a stately Don Okes will make, won't he? I have got to go to Oxford next week to examine for our Fellowships, which are open to the University, and there are two of them this year, so I suppose we shall have candidates. . . . Certainly Beechwood did me good both in body and, I hope, in mind too. At least, if it did not, it was my fault only. . . .

Shortly after he had given up his assistant-mastership at Liverpool, the boys of the head class sent him the following letter, showing the good feeling that existed between teacher and pupils:—

Royal Institution School, Liverpool: March 1, 1851.

Dear Sir,—We had intended, previously to your departure from Liverpool, to have offered

[1] Francis J. Coltman, Bencher of the Inner Temple, younger son of the late Mr. Justice Coltman.

[2] C. B. Scott, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, afterwards Head-master of Westminster School.

[3] Rev. John Pilkington Norris, afterwards Archdeacon of Bristol and Dean Designate of Chichester.

you our best thanks for the very kind attention and interest which you manifested towards us during your stay with Dr. Turner. Permit us now to offer the same no less sincerely by letter than any speech on our part could have done, and to trust that the pleasant reminiscences which your kindness has left among us may be renewed at no very distant period by a prolonged repetition of your late visit. Allow us to remain, dear Sir, yours most truly and obliged,

ROBINSON DUCKWORTH[1]

(On behalf of the First Class.)

Rev. James Lonsdale.

At Swanage that autumn he was out in a hired carriage with his father and his sister-in-law, when the horse, on nearing home, ran away and upset the carriage. While the driver went to fetch a fresh conveyance, and his sister-in-law was attending to the Bishop, poor James, who, like Tom Pinch,[2] knew infinitely more about unicorns than horses, had to maintain a position of unstable equilibrium on the horse's head. If he was miserable under an umbrella in bed, he was ten times more miserable on the horse's head. There was no precedent for it in any classical author. But it was

[1] Now Canon of Westminster.

[2] See Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

all the more creditable to him that he stuck to his post, though it was the last kind of post that he would have chosen for himself. Great was his relief when the fresh carriage appeared and the Bishop was helped into it, not seriously injured, though obliged afterwards to keep in bed for some days.

Though fond of cricket, it was an equal pleasure to his pupils to have a walk with 'the Coach.' He used to start off, if he or the weather were chilly, at the rate of four miles an hour, but he soon slowed down to his ordinary pace, not exceeding three. At this pace he could talk freely; and his talk was generally amusing, always worth listening to, never dull.

Later in the year (1851) he accepted a Tutorship at Durham University, and, before long, the post of Principal of Hatfield Hall at the same University. Here he found that Virgil and Herodotus were more in request than harder authors. Of his life here the only available record is given by the Rev. Philip Rudd in the following letter:—

Billingham Vicarage, Stockton-on-Tees: June 7, 1892.

I understand you are drawing up a short 'In Memoriam' of that good and many-sided man, the late Rev. James Gylby Lonsdale, with

whom I was intimately acquainted during the time he was Tutor at the University of Durham, from 1851 to 1854. In greatly restored health, he entered on the office of Tutor there with all the zeal and energy and love of teaching so truly characteristic of him. Not only in the public lecture-room were his teaching capabilities soon recognised as a real power by all whose privilege it was to attend his classical lectures, but he added much to his labours by having evening classes in his own rooms, of the backward pupils in order to enable them to pass their examinations, and of the more advanced and promising ones with the view to their distinguishing themselves on the class list; and to my knowledge many a poor student did he materially assist to enable him to pursue his course, who otherwise would not have been able for want of means. While during these years he was deeply and zealously absorbed in teaching the classics, and in promoting the mental and moral well-being of all the young men who came in any way within the sphere of his influence, he never lost sight of his higher vocation as a minister of God. After the morning lectures were over, he would ask me, perhaps, to go a short walk into the country, but before starting out he would say, 'You don't mind coming with me through such a part of the city;' it was, I generally found, to visit some bedridden man or woman, who stood

> in need of spiritual consolation as well as of material help. I think he heard of such cases through his own and the other college servants. While forgetful of himself he was ever mindful of the wants of others, never counting either the trouble or the cost to himself. . .'

An old Durham University man who, living in Canada, had lost sight of our friend for many years, wrote in November 1892 about 'dear old James Lonsdale' in these words :—

> No one knows (or will know—this side) how good and kind he was to me. He used to weep over my Latin prose, and by that means made me take pains, so that one examiner said, 'It was your Latin prose, Mr. W——, that saved you.'

During his stay at Durham an event happened which saddened him for a very long time, and loosened his hold of life. His mother, who was the pivot of his thoughts of home, and whose health had for some years been failing, died at St. Leonards on October 16, 1852. His own death would have moved him less. Long afterwards the thought of her was seldom absent from his mind. Her death was an epoch from which he dated subsequent events. The hope of pleasing his mother had been one of the things for which

he lived. She was the light of his father's house, and he was much moved by Professor Jowett's appreciation of her when he wrote, just after her death :—

> No one who had known ever so little of her could help seeing that she was just one of those persons who spread light and peace over their homes. Stanley has several times mentioned her to me as what he termed . . . one of his three pattern ladies. . . . Her grace and goodness were admired by others as much as they were appreciated by her own children.

She was buried at St. Leonards, the Bishop acting up to his principle that the dead should be buried where they died.

Lonsdale's first thought was for his father. He declared himself ready to give up Durham and act as his father's secretary. His eldest sister Lucy, however, was equally ready to devote herself to her father, and Miss Stewart, the friend and former governess of the family, was to stay and help. Before this arrangement was made, and while it was uncertain what would happen, he wrote to Mrs. John Lonsdale, his sister-in-law :—

Castle Durham : October 28, 1852.

Dear Sarah,—I was very much obliged by Johnny's letter received to-day. It was a very

sensible one. . . . Certainly I will follow the advice in it and do nothing in a hurry. Do you think you could find out whether Lucy would like me best, or a female companion, say Miss Stewart? I can quite understand her liking Miss Stewart best, and, as to being hurt or offended if she did, why the idea is ridiculous, and I should deserve whipping if I were. I do not mean you should find out abruptly; but if you could I should be glad, and, of course, there is no hurry. But even if Miss Stewart went, I am not sure my father might not be better for a secretary. He is getting older, and it is not right he should be overtasked. If I was there permanently I should get in the way of writing a good many letters. My attachment to Durham is very slight; neither do I think I do so well here as many they might get in my place. Thank God I am pretty well, but I cannot tell you how I miss my mother's letters. I can hardly believe I shall not find one now and then. Do you remember this time fortnight? Win [1] wrote to me to-day. She says my father seems very low at times. But he said once he should be very sorry to leave Eccleshall garden. I had a latter from Jowett to-day, in which he says that my mother seemed to throw light around her. The last expresses to me well what I have often felt.

[1] Mrs. Edmund Beckett Denison, afterwards Lady Grimthorpe.

Nearly thirty-eight years afterwards, July 24, 1890, he thus reminds her of his mother's death :—

> St. Leonards makes me think of you specially, for here it was you prevented my going off to the term at Durham, and so I was with my mother at her death. It is a pleasure to me going to the church here, the more so as there is none of the nonsense at it which now infests the poor old Establishment. I pass a seat not far from the grave of my mother and her sister and Sir W. Reid.[1]

[1] Her sister's husband, who had been Governor of Malta, a distinguished man.

CHAPTER III

REFUSES A CANONRY—CURACY AT LITTLE WITLEY—SECOND MASTER AT WHITCHURCH GRAMMAR SCHOOL—ASSISTANT PREACHER AT LINCOLN'S INN—ELECTION TO CLASSICAL PROFESSORSHIP AT KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON

AFTER his mother's death, in October 1852, Lonsdale remained at Durham, working there, as he had done at Oxford, and gaining golden opinions, but losing his own strength. His health again failing from overwork in 1854, he resigned his post there, and was presented with a silver inkstand and the following address of the members of Bishop Hatfield's Hall on the presentation of a testimonial to the Rev. J. G. Lonsdale, their Principal, March 1854:—

> We, the members of Bishop Hatfield's Hall, do hereby express our heartfelt gratitude to you for the unwearied exertions and the lively interest which you have ever manifested towards us, not only in a public capacity as a tutor in

the University, but also in the more limited sphere of action as the Principal of this Hall; and here we cannot but allude, in a more especial manner and with greater earnestness, to the substantial benefits which you have conferred upon many of us by means of your able scholarship and wholesome advice. Whenever an approaching examination raised a thoughtful anxiety in men's minds, you were ever ready to cheer them on their way with a word of encouragement; you were ever willing—nay, ever happy—to prove the sincerity of language by the zealousness of action. Many a one here present looks upon you as the author of his past success; all thank you for your considerate and courteous treatment. Under these circumstances, then, we have unanimously determined to beg your acceptance of this inkstand, as the grateful memorial of those who admire your talents, respect your character, and feel a fond regret at your approaching separation from them.

That you may enjoy a long and happy life, characterised, as your past years have been, by marked honour, well-earned praise, and unbounded usefulness, is the warmest hope of us who are here assembled.

His gratitude for kindness appears in many of his letters, and in none more than in one written at this time to the Rev. R. P. Graves :—

Hatfield Hall: February 23, 1853.

On Sunday I got a letter from my sister, Mrs. Bryans, telling me you had given up the curacy of Bowness on account of your health. . . . You were so kind to me in so many ways at Bowness, and contributed so much to my happiness there, and did so much to encourage me (nay, almost more than anyone else ever did), that I cannot but think sadly of the place without you, for you were always a part of it to me. . . . I know of no one who will bear a trial of this kind with a more cheerful mind. . . . I am sure kind Mrs. Graves will do all she can to bear this trial too; or rather, one never knew she had any trials, she was so bright always; as my sister Sophy used to say in her way, 'Mrs. Graves with a toothache was an example to one.'

When Dr. Jenkyns, the Master of Balliol, had died, and his successor had not yet been chosen, Lonsdale's old pupil and subsequent rector, Mr. C. J. Sale, wrote urging him to apply for the post :—

Holt Rectory, Worcester: March 13, 1854.

My dear Lonsdale,—Although you have not deigned to answer my letter of last October, I must out of turn take upon myself, in the name of all whose attachment to you is strong, to hope that you will not keep back from the

chance of election to the vacant headship of Balliol. It is due to yourself, it is due to your beloved father, and your family, and to all friends who have your interests deeply at heart, that you should offer yourself for that position, in which, under Providence, by your high talents and principles, and by your amiable disposition, you may be the means of effecting much general good. Do not, then, let your modesty restrain you on this occasion, for I am sure you will afterwards look back with regret on your hesitation to accept, if offered, such a noble sphere of usefulness. It would be one of the happiest days of my life to hear of your appointment to the mastership.

A letter from Professor Jowett, then a tutor at Balliol, bearing no date, probably refers to the same period. In it we read :—

> Perhaps you may be our new master. Who knows? It would be a great happiness to me if you are.

Lonsdale has been sometimes charged with weakness in complying too readily with the wishes of others. In small matters he certainly did not hold strongly to his own judgment, or he would qualify it by saying, 'That's my opinion, but you

may be right and I may be wrong;' and would then politely change the subject of conversation. But in matters of right and wrong, and in those affecting himself alone, he was as firm as possible. One instance will suffice, which occurred about this time. In 1855 a canonry of Lichfield fell vacant. His father, in whose gift it was, offered it to him. He unhesitatingly declined it. To be what he called a swell, to be preceded by a verger, to be 'in residence,' nay, even to be called 'Canon,' was quite contrary to his ideas and plan of life. Though he had a quiet dignity that checked rudeness to himself, he was not dignified in his walk or in his way of holding himself, and he did not wish to be 'a dignity' of the Church. When asked why he refused the canonry, he said, 'If I had to walk to the cathedral with a verger before me, I should turn Dissenter in a week.' 'Besides,' he added,' I know nothing of music.'

In 1855 and 1856 he was Moderator in the Oxford Classical Tripos, and late in the year 1856 he accepted the small curacy of Duddon, in Cheshire, his brother-in-law, William Bryans, being the vicar.

To his friend Mr. Norris,[1] who worked so inde-

[1] Rev. J. P. Norris, see note, p. 34.

fatigably as an Inspector of Schools in the diocese of Lichfield and had evidently promised his valuable aid towards getting him a similar appointment, he writes from Duddon :

December 15, 1856.

> There is really no end of your kindness to me. It is most constant. Nevertheless, I fear I must say No. Partly because I have only just come here, and partly because I do not think I should be equal to the work ; partly because, though I like teaching better than anything else, yet it seems to me its chief pleasure is getting to know the character of the boys under you ; and I do not like moving about, and I think your system teaches too much, and altogether I must say No, but with very many thanks. . . .

It must have been at Duddon that a Cheshire countryman, expecting to rouse Lonsdale's virtuous indignation, told him that the congregation in the next church was only eight. 'Ah!' said Lonsdale, 'just the number in the ark'—a specimen of his readiness and his dislike of censoriousness.

His stay at Duddon gave him the opportunity of seeing much of his sister Sophy, and gave her the opportunity of watching over his health, which he was too apt to neglect. But with all her care

she could not prevent his having an attack of inflammation of the lungs, which forced him to resign the curacy in the summer of 1857. After an interval, his health being rather better though by no means re-established, he went as curate to his old pupil Mr. Sale, rector of Holt, near Worcester, where he worked the outlying parish of Little Witley.

Even when ill he did his best to be cheerful, and his spirits were good. He thus writes to his rector, who appears to have rebuilt the church at Little Witley :—

June 3, 1858.

> Dear Sale,— . . . Depend upon it, restoring churches does good, for the material church tells on the living, and you should be thankful to God for enabling you to do so good a work, and for having such a good wife to help in it. But oh, how impudent of a curate preaching to a rector in a letter . . . . !
>
> One of the Harlings is dead. Mrs. Potter is deeply afflicted. You might get some mourning for her in that shop in Regent Street, where they ask, 'What may I have the mournful pleasure of showing you?'

Before he left Little Witley, he received, together with a present of a silver inkstand, the

pleasure of an Address from the 'grateful and attached Parishioners, Choir, and School.'

Feeling, probably, unequal to parish work, he fell back on his favourite work of teaching. Not to overtask his strength and not caring to make a figure in the world, he applied for and obtained the post of Second-master of the Grammar School at Whitchurch in Shropshire, where his friend, the Reverend James R. Peake, an excellent scholar, was Head-master. Here he stayed for some time, and, on his leaving, the boys of the First Class gave him a present together with the following simple and affectionate letter :—

> . . . We hope you will accept this small present from us as a token that we are very grateful for the pains you have taken with us, and that we regret your departure.

His opinions at this time on Stanley, on Butler's Analogy, and on Neill's Logic appear in the following letter to Mr. Graves, written at Eccleshall, April 1, 1859 :—

> Stanley has published some beautiful sermons called Canterbury Sermons, as chiefly preached at the Cathedral there. He is certainly a master of style. His commentary on the Co-

rinthians is very beautiful, and his genius lies in historical illustration. With reference to Bishop Butler's Analogy, I always thought it a vastly overrated book. About three or four years ago I read it with a pupil, and thought so again. It is said that the famous Pitt, when he read it, said that he was not satisfied, and that such analogies could prove anything.

When I read what Neill in his Logic wrote on liberty and necessity, it seemed to me as if Butler on the same subject was but on the surface, compared with Neill. Few of the books of the last century will survive long.

The next time the Editor heard from him was in a letter from

Eccleshall, Staffordshire: Christmas Day, 1861.

How can I spend Christmas day better than in writing to such a kind friend as you? The Greek Delectus says: 'The good friend writes often;' and certainly I am not then the good friend. . . . The coach, thank you, is in better condition, though its wheels still do not run so glibly. The coach enjoys teaching the boys at Whitchurch, Salop. A boy the other day construed 'Exitio est avidis mare nautis,' 'It is natural for birds to go out to sea.' It is rich if you analyse the words. It is a very great bore never seeing you now, but how can I manage it? I shall not be able to come and see you these holidays.

> Perhaps a nice thing about another good world may be, if one can only get there, that one may have ubiquity in some wondrous way.

Just as he was leaving his work at Whitchurch, he received from Canon Cook, the Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, the offer of a nomination to the Assistant-Preachership, a post which, under the advice of his brother-in-law, one of the Benchers, he accepted.

On hearing of it, Professor Jowett writes to him as follows :—

> I am so glad that you have taken the Assistant-Preachership at Lincoln's Inn. . . . There is nothing by which more good might be done than by good preaching. I mean chiefly : (1) The connexion of religion with life ; (2) the assertion of a regard for truth as a sort of religious duty—the spirit of truth. I hope you will devote yourself to sermon writing ; no one can succeed better. And don't be over simple (if I may say so) ; simplicity is the best of faults, yet there is some danger of mannerism even from simplicity.

On his applying to Dr. Balston, Head-master of Eton, for a testimonial of his fitness for the post of Professor of Classical Literature at King's College, he received the following answer :—

Eton : November 17, 1862.

My dear Lonsdale,—The idea of my writing a Testimonial for you ! As my wife agrees, I might as well think of writing a Testimonial of my Father's virtues.

I have written as best I could. But K.C., London, cannot, I should imagine, want testimonials of James Lonsdale's scholarship. Where must they have lived all their lives ?

Please to accept what I have sent, and forward it, if you think fit, to the Solemn Council of K.C. If you wish it, I wish you all success most heartily.

Professor Rawlinson wrote that he would 'be delighted at any time to give a Testimonial or do anything to get him placed as he ought to be.' He goes on to say :—

I do hope you will succeed—for the thing seems just to have fallen on purpose for you—and is one of the few things in the teaching way in London that I should think worthy of your merits.

On the day of his obtaining the appointment, his sister, Mrs. Beckett Denison, wrote :—

My dear old Jem,—Charles d'Oyly[1] says that you were elected without a dissentient voice

[1] One of the Council, and Reader at Lincoln's Inn.

at K.C. to-day, that Dr. Watson proposed your election, and that there was a sort of race to second it. I cannot help writing to tell you I am very glad, and I hope you will get to like London better when you have teaching work to do.

His father, the Bishop, wrote as follows, expressing his pleasure at the appointment :—

Eccleshall : February 15, 1863.

My dear James,—I cannot refrain from writing a few lines to congratulate you, or rather K.C.L., very heartily on your appointment, unanimous and cordial as it was. And I do not wonder that it was so.

We have had very kind letters upon the subject from Dr. Jelf, from 'my Tutor,' from Charles d'Oyly, from Mr. Good, and from Archdeacon Allen.

All your friends rejoice, as I do, because we all know how excellently qualified in all respects you are for the post.

I pray that you may find it a happy one to yourself ; and I am always, very affectionately yours,

J. LICHFIELD.

'Shilleto' also, the great Cambridge Classical Coach, who had given him a very flattering Testimonial, writes to him thus :—

> My dear Professor,—(Absit ut henceforth I should call you James, partly because you are now a Don. . . .) I heartily congratulate you and King's College . . . and hope to have good fruit in such King's College (London) men as may come under my hands in Cambridge.

His friend Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, also writes in the same spirit :—

> All your friends will rejoice in seeing you at last in a position worthy of yourself, or at least more worthy than those which you have hitherto filled.

Dean Johnson of Wells, Archdeacon Moore, and Professor Dale, follow in the same strain, but his old friend Dr. Henry Holden, writes with more enthusiasm :—

> I shouted for joy yesterday evening on getting your note. May you be blessed and be a blessing, long, very long, in your new post! How delighted the Bishop will be!

It was not till December of that year (1862) that Professor Lonsdale left Whitchurch, much to the regret of the boys, six of whom presented him with a German copy of Luther's Bible with the following letter by way of inscription :—

Given by boys at Whitchurch, Salop, Dec. 17th, 1862.

My dear Sir,—We hope you will accept this small present of ours as a token that we are much obliged to you for your kindness to us, and we are very sorry that you are going to leave. We remain, your obedient pupils,

A. V. HICKMAN.
E. L. BRYANS, &c.

This memoir would not be complete if it omitted to mention his friendship for Dr. Henry Holden, Head-master of Durham School. The following letter from him will show how great that friendship was :—

September 25, 1863.

My very dear Friend,—It is worth a man's while to make friends in early life if they are to be all like you—so warm-hearted and brimful of affection. Your letter came just at the right moment, when I was rather gloomy and wanted a refresher, and it acted as such.

'Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.'

His friend, Archdeacon Allen, who was his father's examining chaplain, writes to him at this time.

Prees, Shrewsbury: February 26, 1864.

My dear James Lonsdale,—I am greatly indebted to you for your constant kindness. I hope you will do me the great favour of letting me read your sermons. They always teach me. I am greatly happy that you continue at Lincoln's Inn. From my heart I believe that you are there trusted with an office of great usefulness.

CHAPTER IV

HIS MARRIAGE—EXAMINES FOR THE NEWCASTLE SCHOLARSHIP—DEATH OF HIS FATHER—RESIGNS HIS APPOINTMENT IN LONDON ON ACCEPTING THE RECTORY OF SOUTH LUFFENHAM

MR. LONSDALE'S bachelor habits were at last ended by his marriage, an event which took place on March 30, 1864, with Miss Amelia Mary Peake. She was the elder daughter of the Rev. James R. Peake, Head-master of Whitchurch Grammar School, where, as has been stated, Mr. Lonsdale had acted as Second-master and also as Examiner. As is often the case with men who marry late in life, she was many years younger than himself, and she survives to bear in loving remembrance a happy union of twenty-eight years. which his companionship never ceased to brighten,

Soon after his marriage the Editor received from Lonsdale the following letter :—

26 Fitzroy Square, London, W. : April 19, 1864.

Holden of Ipswich has asked me to contribute some verses to a new book of his. So I am trying to do so again. I always look back . . . to my coaching days with you as to some of the most pleasant days of my life. I cannot tell you what a quantity of presents I have from Duckworths and Coltmans. How good you all are to me. . . . !—Your affectionate Preceptor.

Incidentally may be discovered what the Bishop thought of his new daughter-in-law.

December 2, 1865.

My dear Mr. Shilleto,—. . . I do not know why you have not heard from James, except it be that he has now a wife (of whom I am very fond) and a baby (whom I have not yet seen, but who I hear is a fine boy), besides a Professorship and a Preachership to occupy him.

Other friends also seem not to have heard at this time from Mr. Lonsdale. The next letter to which the Editor has access is dated ' 1867, April 6,' and addressed to his sister Mrs. Bryans. In it he playfully shows the absurdity of supposing that things happen of themselves and have always so happened :—

Eton College, Windsor.

Dear Sophy,—As I shall be very busy as soon as the looking over begins, for there are

fifty-two candidates,[1] awful but not jolly (to bag William's joke), I write to say that last night at the dinner, where the masters dined, Balston the headmaster spoke most highly of Marindin, Clem's[2] tutor, and Marindin spoke most highly of Clem. . . . It is very delightful to think Clem is so good, and thank God for it, or, as Professor Tindal would say, 'the Eternal sequence of events:' only then there is no thanks to any one, and no credit to Clem or Marindin, or you, or William, or dear old Win, or the Bishop, or Denny, or anybody.

A characteristic picture is given of him at this time by his brother, showing his power of concentration and his enjoyment of fun :—

I can see him now, at Eccleshall, sitting at a table in the drawing-room, writing a sermon, in which he seemed to be wholly occupied. All of a sudden some remark or joke, uttered by others in the room, caught his ear. Up he jumped and began to take part in the talk, throwing into it all the intense humour latent in him, his bright eyes sparkling with fun, entering into all the nonsense which might be uttered—and then, as if nothing had happened, returning

[1] For the Newcastle Scholarship. Lonsdale was one of the Examiners.

[2] Clement Bryans, his sister's son.

to his sermon and picking up the thread of it, he went on writing.

The delight with which he repeated the following story was intense :—An Irish candidate for ordination, finding out who he was, said, 'You'll be having a mighty fine living, I expect, sirrh!' 'No,' was the answer, 'I have no preferment.' 'Then,' was the reply, 'that brother of yours, what has he got?' 'A curacy of 50*l.* a year,' was the answer. 'Is it possible?' was the exclamation that followed.

Almost the last letter he received from his father was the following with reference to his birthday :—

October 13, 1867.

My dear James,—So far as I am myself concerned, it is little better than pure selfishness to wish you many happy returns of to-morrow, for you have been, and are, such a blessing to me that, tho' I cannot hope to have a much longer enjoyment of it, the loss of it, while I live, would be an affliction which I dare not contemplate.

The value of your life to very many others, and especially to dear Amy and little Bernard, is more than I can express.

May God bless and preserve you, and make me more thankful for you.—I am, my dear James, your ever affectionate,

J. LICHFIELD.

A great grief was in store for him. On October 19, 1867, James Lonsdale being just fifty-one, his father, after attending an important meeting and then writing numerous letters, died suddenly at Eccleshall from the rupture of a blood-vessel on the brain. His death was so unexpected that neither his sons nor his sons-in-law were there. Well did he deserve the title of 'the good Bishop,' and more than for his great scholarship and learning will he be remembered as simple, judicial, peace-loving, and peace-making.

As the house at Eccleshall had to be given up in consequence of the Bishop's death, the furniture, pictures, plate, &c., were, in accordance with the Will, to be sold, and the money equally divided amongst the family. They agreed, however, to try to divide everything amicably. The first day they divided the pictures. James kept saying that he did not care for pictures, and he did his best to get as few of them as he could. The next day they were to divide the plate, when James declared, 'Well, I said yesterday, I did not care for pictures, but plate I hate.'

Exactly a year after his father's death, James alludes to the disastrous fire in Eccleshall Church

which had just taken place. He says, in his letter to Mr. Sale, dated

26 Fitzroy Square, London, W. : October 26, 1868.

. . . You will perhaps have heard or seen in the paper the sad news about Eccleshall. What with our good honest cook's severe illness and the sad news about Eccleshall, it has been a gloomy day to us in spite of your kind present. We heard . . . that the north side is all burnt, the central roof fallen in, Mrs. Sale's pulpit and the throne destroyed, the organ injured, and the communion table and all about the east end destroyed. . . . The throne being destroyed is sad. It looks as if there was never to be another bishop at Eccleshall.[1] How dreary Eccleshall must be with the Church in ruins and the Castle as deserted as an old abbey! . . . This is a melancholy letter, but I feel very sad to-day in spite of the apples, which on former occasions have rejoiced my heart, when coming from you. . . .

That Lonsdale, though he kept clear of religious disputes, yet took an interest in them is shown by his writing at the close of 1869 that he 'doubted very much whether Ritualism was defeated' in consequence of the recent decision. He thought it 'almost impossible to stop additions to

[1] No succeeding Bishop has lived at Eccleshall.

wearing the cope in the Communion and consecrating the elements with the back to the people, except by giving bishops more power, which would seem to be dangerous.' Of the abolition of tests in the Universities he wrote at the same time: 'No doubt it will be done; and I fear it will be a great help, when done, to the conceited scepticism, which is all the fashion just now.'

But his work at King's College was telling upon him, and he felt that it was again time for him to recruit his health by a change into a clearer atmosphere than that of London. The Editor finds him, therefore, writing from

26 Fitzroy Square, London, W. : January 29, 1870.

. . . I am sorry to give up teaching Latin and Greek, but there is an end to all things, and I do not feel as strong as I did, and am thankful for this chance of an easier life. [He had accepted the Balliol College living of South Luffenham in Rutland.] Perhaps some day you may like to look at Rutland land. I do not agree with you about the Athanasian Creed. I think it a noble creed, and, though I should like it much better without the condemnatory clauses, yet even with them I should rather have it than not. So I shall read it both from choice and duty. I remember my brother-godfather to your

boy saying that he hoped they would leave us our prayer-book untouched. But I do not expect they will, for it is a restless age. Also I do not see the good of Synods in dioceses. So you see I am obliged to differ from you . . . but you may be right and I wrong, for how uncertain all is, except Euclid! You see, if you abolish old creeds and alter prayer-books, though you may gain some, you will lose others attached to dogmatism and antiquity. Once I was liberal, but now I am 'tother way I confess; yet one may be wrong. . . . Pray remember me to your wife. She always is very kind to me.

When the Principalship of King's College was vacant by the death of Dr. Jelf, Lonsdale was urged strongly by his brother to stand for it, and many reasons why he should fill the office were pressed on him. James, however, had made up his mind. Whether he did not feel equal to the post, or whether some friend was standing for it, or from whatever cause or causes, he answered laconically :—

Dear John,—Your letter is unanswerable, but I won't stand.—Your affectionate brother,

JAMES.

He did not, however, close his connection with King's College without receiving a hearty acknow-

ledgment of his good work there as Professor, in the shape of a Resolution headed

King's College, London.

Extract from the Minutes of a Meeting held on Friday, February 11th, 1870.

Resolved,—That the Council accept with much regret the resignation of Professor Lonsdale from the end of the next Summer Term, and thank him heartily for the remarkable assiduity and success of the services he has rendered to the College during the seven years for which he has been Professor of Classical Literature.

He now for the first time in his life assumed the responsibility of a Rector. Hitherto he had been content to act as a Curate, probably preferring not to have to decide Parish questions. His very conscientiousness made him averse to decision on points affecting others besides himself. He had not sufficient confidence in his own judgment, and he was inclined to value too highly the opinions of others. It was a trial to him, as it must be to many Incumbents, to find himself frequently misunderstood. Shrewd but narrow-minded and uncharitable, some of his Parishioners thought that he must, when working for their good, have some

selfish end in view. They could not believe in perfect integrity. His goodness was so transparent that they saw deeper than the bottom. Whether they learnt their mistake before the end of the two years and a half that he stayed with them, and whether, if they did learn it, they acknowledged it, I cannot say. Through evil report and good report he held on his way till the end, but their behaviour towards him certainly loosened his attachment to the place.

On the death of the Editor's younger brother he wrote the following letter, in which he shows both his power of writing English verse and the warmth of his affection :—

Whitchurch, Shropshire : October 4, 1870.

. . . You mention the old days of Rothesay. I can well remember how Herbert [1] took tender care of me in my weakness. Strange that he should have died before me.

His memory we sadly bless
As one who in his gentleness
Was soft as woman, good and kind
In lowly soul and loving mind.

[1] Herbert Duckworth, Barrister-at-Law, died September 19, 1870. He was a Pupil of Mr. Lonsdale's at Rothesay about the year 1853.

His countenance shone glad and bright
As with a happy, heavenly light,
Which told in all sincerity
Of his true-hearted sympathy.

With gentle thought, in youth most rare,
He gladly made the sick his care ;
The weak in their infirmity
He loved to bear with tenderly.

Within his good and honest heart
No thought of self e'er bore a part.
Both young and old, all whom he knew,
With words of love he gently drew.

Like him, of whom Christ Jesus said,
'Behold an Israelite indeed,'
So he from guile was clean and free
In natural humility.

He had strong frame and fortitude
Of manly limbs, yet was his mood
Of mind most soft ; none ever heard
From him a rough or haughty word.

From youth to manhood without blame
His life he passed, each day the same,
Manly yet gentle, brave but mild,
In innocence a very child.

We fondly hope, nay we are sure,
That God still guards his spirit pure;
That he may still unselfish be,
And rich in deeds of charity.

At the end of February (1871) the Editor heard from him as follows from his new home at Luffenham :—

Thank you for your kind letter. It is pleasant to hear from an old friend, for I am rather lonely here, and as a stranger in a strange land. By this time I hope your house is free from influenza. It went through this village, taking one or two in most houses, and I had it, but only slightly, and luckily not on Sunday. We are very cold here, but healthy, and there is next to no real illness in this little place. Playing at fives must be like being at Eton again; well, better be at fives than sixes or sevens; but why six and seven are such messy numbers, I never knew.

They tell me it is good weather for mother earth. Oh, mother earth, I wish you were more dry! Many of the graziers about here lost a lot through last year. Did you ever read any of Bourdaloue's sermons? I think you would like them. They are not dull.

CHAPTER V

PENNY READINGS—PUBLISHES TRANSLATIONS OF VIRGIL AND HORACE—ROMAN CATHOLICS—FRANCIS OF ASSISI—DISLIKE OF OBSCURITY OF EXPRESSION—BUILDS SCHOOL AND IMPROVES RECTORY—ACCEPTS RECTORY OF HUNTSPILL—MR. SHILLETO—TORQUAY—HIS POPULARITY AT HUNTSPILL—RESIGNATION OF HIS CHARGE THERE

MR. LONSDALE—for he had ceased to be Professor Lonsdale—had now begun a new life, that of a Rector of a country Parish. He had already served as a curate, a post which was suited to his tastes, as it involved less worry and responsibility. But he was then a bachelor, and a very poor lodging would have contented his family of one. Now he required a larger nest, and was compelled, much against the grain, to spend much more on his own surroundings. He must secretly—for I believe he never complained openly—have had some qualms of conscience at spending money on home comforts and luxuries, for which he had schooled himself to

care little, when he might have been supporting others, poorer than himself. Was this the teaching of the Gospel? Was he even justified in doing this? Society had no difficulty in saying, 'Yes.' But was he bound by the law of Society, or the law of Christ? He ended, as most people do, in a compromise. He would spend money on his wife's comfort and try to deny himself as before.

His innate horror of vulgarity appears from the following letter to Mrs. William Bryans :—

South Luffenham, Stamford : January 9, 1872.

To-morrow is your birthday. . . . Amy and the two children and Eliza are at S. Leonard's. Clem is full of his jokes, jollinesses, jests and puns, which never cease. He is blessed with excellent spirits, *but*, or *and*, he is industrious, and makes himself generally useful in all ways, being particularly kind in teaching in the Sunday school, so that, now he is here, I am not nearly so tired on Sunday nights. . . . We mean to keep your birthday to-morrow by a penny reading, at which Clem is to read 'May Queen' and 'Mrs. Brown done out of half a sovereign.' Our penny readings are very vulgar. . . . At the end of one reading I felt quite bad in the inside with vulgarity, which is in itself a vulgar remark.

For the next six months all that we hear of him is that he was busy with Parish work, and with his Translation, in conjunction with Mr. Lee, of 'the Works of Virgil.' This useful book was first printed in March 1871, and went through twelve editions. He mentions it in writing to the Rev. W. Bulmer :—

South Luffenham, Stamford : July 20, 1872.

Dear Bulmer,— . . . I send you the long-promised translation of Virgil. It has plenty of faults, but it is very hard to translate Virgil, and also you will take it as the translation of your poor old tutor. Shilleto's Thucydides (lib. i. that is) is come out. What there is seems extremely good ; the only pity is that there is not more of it. . . . This parish is very discouraging. The landlord and farmers are very indifferent, and leave all that is to be done to the clergyman. To prevent the school being a rated one, I have been obliged to do nearly all, as they take no interest, though they call themselves Churchmen. Well, I hope better times may come some day. It seems as if little had been done here for many ages, though in days of more faith our ancestors did build a beautiful church in the Middle Ages. . . .

He writes on other matters to the same correspondent :—

South Luffenham, Stamford : January 2, 1873.

Dear Bulmer,— . . . We have had penny readings and a concert in this little village. The comic part of them is far the most popular, and the comic gets sadly into the vulgar, though not with us, I am happy to say, into anything wrong, except so far as vulgarity is wrong. . . . . I do not think we have had quite so much drunkenness as usual this Christmas. It is a shocking kind of defence, when people say, 'Oh! it is only at Christmas.' I have been much delighted with the life of Henri Perreyve, a priest of the Oratorians in France. He devoted himself to God after his first Communion. His fault was that he was rather headstrong and would not follow the warnings of older people, Gratry, Lacordaire and others, and simply killed himself. 'L'homme ne meurt pas ; il se tue.' But he was a man of wonderful fervour, piety, and gentleness and simplicity of character. There is to me a charm in good people of the Roman Church, which the coarser character of Protestantism cannot attain to. I have no doubt Dr. Chalmers was a good man. His writings are to me singularly distasteful by reason of their wordiness and want of ideas. This was the opinion of my Father also. But there are good people of all sorts, and even the narrow bigotry of Presbyterianism, and the unenviable character of Knox's bad creed is overruled by

the general spirit of Christianity. In this village is a good man who is a Baptist, another, who is a Wesleyan. How wonderful it is that Christ's holy religion holds its own in spite of all our various failings!

Soon I hope the Horace[1] similar to the Virgil will be done, and I shall send you one, knowing how kind you are towards your old tutor. . . . I like your story of the good Missionary. Texts of the blessed Bible answer doubts in a decisive and trenchant manner.

Though by no means inclined to change his own Faith, Lonsdale was large-minded enough to see what was excellent in those who belonged to a different Communion. Not only did he live on terms of friendship with Unitarians, but, while disliking their ceremonies and some of their chief doctrines, he admired extremely the self-denial and genuine devotion of some Roman Catholics with whom he was intimate, and he was strongly influenced by the example of his favourite Saint,[2]

[1] *The Works of Horace*, translated by James Lonsdale, M.A., and Samuel Lee, M.A. Globe edition, 1890. London, Macmillan & Co. and New York. Printed by C. J. Clay, June 1873. Reprinted 1873, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1887.

[2] In a letter of June 1, 1878, he calls him 'the Saint for whom I feel a special veneration.' He wrote a small book of Poems on him.

Francis of Assisi, the founder of the Franciscan Order, whose Rule of Poverty he may almost be said to have followed. No one in his position spent less upon himself. He was loth to allow himself a new hat or a new coat, long after they had reached the stage of shabbiness. There was always some one to whom he wished to send the money which a new hat or coat would cost. Even in the matter of Books, of which he was so fond, he would buy cheap or second-hand Editions if he could. His bookshelves were full of useful books, but their backs were anything but ornamental. In like manner he would never hire a carriage if he could possibly avoid it, and he was quite content to go no further, day after day, than he could walk. Even in the early days of Railways, he would always go third class, tiring and uncomfortable as the old third-class carriages used to be. Nor, if left to himself, would he buy any but cheap food, nor complain if it was badly cooked. In this also he seemed to imitate the good Francis, who called his own body 'Brother Ass' and did not allow it to live on clover or to take much repose. And in another way he took this Saint for his model, namely in trying to follow Christ himself without reproaching others, who, as he was

charitable enough to suppose, were following him also in their own way.

Again, in his lifelong dislike to obscurity of expression he took both St. Francis and his own father, 'the good Bishop,' for an example, hating even this minor form of duplicity. To this was partly due his aversion to the Poems of Tennyson and of Browning, and to the speeches as well as to many of the acts of Mr. Gladstone. He went so far as to be willing to spoil a pretty verse of his own composition, especially if it were a rendering from another language, sooner than that his meaning should not be as clear as day.

Again, in his 'courtesy of the heart—the only true politeness,' as Mrs. Oliphant well calls it in her 'Life of Francis of Assisi,'[1] he followed the same good examples, being equally courteous to rich and poor, and to each using the same true flattery of talking only on those subjects in which their knowledge might be supposed to be equal or superior to his own. Lastly, both of him and of Francis of Assisi it might be said that 'his patience and unobtrusive cheerfulness were upon all men.' 'Be always cheerful,' said St. Francis to

[1] London, Macmillan & Co., and New York, 1889, p. 35.

one of his brethren, 'for it does not become a servant of God to have an air of melancholy and a face full of trouble.' [1]

In another letter to Mrs. Wm. Bryans he again shows how vulgarity pained him. It also brings out his trait of always trying to look on the bright side of things :—

S. Luffenham : February 6, 1873.

It is very cold here, and snow, and fog, and I have a bad cold, and our drains are up, and Hubert [2] gets on but so and so, and must not come back yet, for this place is too cold for him. These are my bores. But I have many advantages, for I might have as many children as you, and my cold might be worse, and Hubert worse. Yesterday I had a very jolly long letter from Clem, and some Greek Prose and Greek Iambics, which were very accurate. I mean to write to him on Saturday if I am alive after a dreadful penny reading. . . . After a penny reading I am always ill. As David would say, 'vulgarity eats into my bones.' . . . It makes me ache like rheumatism.

Amy thinks we had better leave S. Luffenham and live in the South of France. Perhaps it might be bad for the next world. . . .'

[1] P. 144.

[2] His younger son, always very delicate.

He never seems to have taken kindly to South Luffenham, though he built there a handsome Parish School almost entirely at his own expense, and though he also enlarged and improved the Rectory. He must have been busy with his Translation of Horace in 1873, but in October of that year the Editor had a letter from him from Huntspill, another Balliol Living to which he had transferred himself, hoping to escape the cold and damp of South Luffenham.

Plymer Hill, Huntspill, Bridgwater: October 16, 1873.

. . . . Mrs. Lonsdale and the two young ones are at Burnham, which, if very dull, appears to be very healthy. I believe 'pill' means a place in a river where boats can come up, but who Hunt was I do not know. There was a famous Dr. Hunt, who made, not pills for boats to come up, but pills for men, not to come up again, but stay down. At Luffenham it was *durum cœlumque genusque*: here I hope both will be milder. . . . I cannot go away much myself, for it is a big parish, and, as I am not strong, I must do a little most days. . . .

Three weeks later, he and his family were in possession of their new house, a very pretty one, separated from the churchyard by their garden,

and in full view of the church with its massive tower and fine outline.

He wrote to the Editor again :—

Huntspill, Bridgwater: November 5, 1873.

We shall be glad to see you or yours at any time. We are in the Rectory, but not quite settled even yet. The Rector, being a SWELL, has so much furniture, it takes him long to settle. I am bald on the top of my head, and quite grey elsewhere. Thank you for your Latin translation of the hymn ;[1] *tecum contendere nolo*, so have done it in Greek :—

τρὶς μάκαρες οἷσι καθαρὸν ἥγνισται κέαρ.
τούτοις σαφῶς τὸ θεῖον ἐκφανήσεται.
οὗτοι ξυνῆκαν φρεσὶν ἀπόῤῥητον Θεοῦ
ἔσωθεν οἷσι Χριστὸς ἵδρυσεν νέων.
πράοις γὰρ αὐτὸς αὐτὸν εἰσαεὶ νέμει,
κεἴ πού τιν' οἶκον ἢ θρόνον φιλεῖ λαβεῖν,
αἱρήσεται μάλιστ' ἀκήρατον φρένας.

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.'[1]

[1] *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 141.

You will be glad to hear 3,000 copies of our Virgil have sold, and 1,600 of our Horace.[1]

In spite of this large sale, he received very inadequate remuneration for all his labour.

Being now convinced that he could not stand another winter in the North of England, and that even a visit to it in winter would be dangerous, he felt it his duty to give up his Post as Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester. Having written to Bishop Fraser to this effect, he received the following answer :—

Bishop's Court, Manchester : January 7, 1874.

O my dear Lonsdale,—What a pang your letter gave me ! To think that I am no longer to enjoy your invaluable help ! I feared this might be the result of the migration into Somersetshire, as I felt that it would widen the distance between us, and make a journey to Manchester, albeit only taken once a year, less convenient. But I, and not I only but my other chaplains, shall miss you sorely. I must not press you to stay with me against your will, or even to your discomfort ; but I need hardly say what a relief it would be to me if you were to recall your resignation. I have always said

[1] Translation of *The Works of Horace* by Lonsdale and Lee, Macmillan & Co., which has gone through eight editions.

I thought I had the nicest lot of examining chaplains of any Bishop in England. . . .

Best regards to your wife. Don't leave me unless you really feel you *must*. Ever yours affectionately,

J. MANCHESTER.

To this earnest appeal Mr. Lonsdale gave way, and continued for some time to act for his old friend.

Early in 1874 he went to London to examine Highgate School. Otherwise we do not hear of his going from home.

He liked Huntspill, and the people liked him, and he found special delight in the company of Archdeacon Denison, who was a near neighbour. He usually had one or two pupils there. He was never quite happy without teaching classics.

In the same year he writes very sadly, having heard of the serious illness of his devoted friend, Dr. Dawson W. Turner, Head-master of the Royal Institution School, Liverpool, where Lonsdale had worked as an assistant-master.

Huntspill, Bridgwater: May 18, 1874.

. . . . Alas! I have very bad news to tell you, which, since I heard it yesterday morning, has taken up nearly all my thoughts. You will

remember how much we talked of dear old Turner. I fear his long strain of work, that would have killed an ordinary man, and his age (fifty-seven) must be against his recovery. In addition to his school he had his new book ('More Aids to Classical Studies'). He has been about the best and kindest friend I ever had. His very eccentricities made one like him better. In his letters there was always something original, and I shall never see his like again. He abounded in good works of all kinds. I feel very sorry and sad.

In August he sprained his knee, which he found 'a great hindrance in an extensive parish.' This lameness, to which he alludes in his next letter, affected him for a long time.

Huntspill: September 23, 1874.

I am as lame as a tree—

σκάζων ὅπως τι δένδρον ἢ Φιλοκτήτης

which I wrote in a Scazon, a metre to which old Shilleto is much attached.

Nam claudicantem claudicans decet carmen;
Aptior Iambus, pes citus, cito pedi.

The Dean of Wells[1] approves of our Virgil and Horace, at which I am pleased.

His indifference to such luxuries as a nice

[1] Dean Johnson, Lonsdale's old friend and Oxford Tutor.

house, furniture, plate, &c., or rather his estimation of them as vanities, is shown throughout his life, and partly in this letter to his sister Mrs. Bryans :—

October 15, 1874.

> Huntspill is a very nice house, but I do not care about nice houses, and how anybody can be very happy who is a parish priest I do not see. All I hope is that dissenting preachers and Roman priests have a jollier life.

He was afraid of everything that might minister to pride or luxurious habits, though he did not go out of his way to blame others for possessing them. A melancholy tone runs through this and the following letter, his usual good spirits being depressed by his lameness and poor health.

He writes to the Editor :—

Huntspill, Bridgwater : December 26, 1874.

> . . . . My nephew at King's College, Cambridge, now here, reading for the Bell Scholarship, gives a sad account of Shilleto. Xtmas makes me think of Shilleto, for he was a man of a very kindly and charitable and utterly unjealous disposition, but time and domestic troubles have sadly altered his old animation and damped the fire of his old genius. New men, unknown to me and probably to you

though much younger, Butchers, Jacksons, &c. are the famous Coaches now. How soon all changes and passes away! and there is no good in earthly fame, unless religion be true, which according to the same nephew is much doubted by many Cambridge Undergraduates. Your sister has very kindly asked us to stay at your father's house, and we hope to come, and then we hope to see you also, and to know when your boy will come and pay his visit here to Godpapa, whom he loves fondly rather than wisely. G. Thring's hymns are much admired. None are bad, many good, some of them very good indeed. He tells me they do not sell. But selling does not mean money, for our Virgil has sold more than 5,000, and yet is in debt, as an account of the publisher states. Pray give our best Xtmas wishes to Mrs. R. Duckworth, your girls, my godson, your father-in-law, and your old nurse, yet not old.

To add to his labours at this time, there was a great deal of sickness in the village, and their own house did not escape. His lameness was therefore all the more trying to him. At the beginning of May (1875) he was cheered by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Sale and their adopted daughter Mildred.

In the course of the summer he examined the

Collegiate School at Liverpool. In September he picked up in some out-of-the-way place a Jacobean pulpit, and, to encourage a young architect, a son of his old friend Mr. W. Howel Lloyd, he commissioned him to put it up in Huntspill Church.

Shortly afterwards he examined for the Exhibition at Uppingham School, by which he hoped 'to clear 10*l.*, to go towards the pulpit.'

While Lonsdale was at Huntspill, a Parishioner of his brother's (then Vicar of St. Mary, Lichfield 'went to stay with some relations at Highbridge,' which adjoins Huntspill. 'On Sunday she asked, "Where do you go to Church?" "Oh! we are going to hear 'the Gold' this morning." "The Gold! what do you mean?" "Oh! Mr. Lonsdale of course, at Huntspill."'

It was about this time—the year alone is given in this letter—that Mr. Shilleto thus expressed his admiration of his friend's character :—

Peterhouse :[1] 1875.

My dear James Lonsdale,—You are the gentlest mildest simplest meekest lovingest and lovedest of all human beings. You are at the same time one of the acutest and cunningest, diving for all sorts of excuses in which you will find a peg to hang on a letter to poor unworthy

[1] St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

me. After all your over-buttering estimate of me I will not become *χαῦνος*.

In the autumn of 1875 he had a very serious illness, inflammation of the lungs, which he bore with his usual patience.[1]

But he recovered so slowly at Huntspill during the winter that next April (1876) he went to Torquay in search of health. Thence he wrote to Mr. Lloyd on April 20:—

> Thank you for your kind thoughts and prayers for me, and I will alter St. John a little and ask you to pray that my soul may prosper and be in health, even as my body prospereth now. Torquay is a beautiful place and suits me very well. Mrs. Lonsdale on the other hand has found it very relaxing, and perhaps we may move off to some other place more bracing before we return home. It is doubtful whether we shall be able to go on at Huntspill, but anyhow I do not mean to resign till the autumn, when I shall see how I am. I have improved much here. Mrs. Lonsdale was a capital nurse when I was ill, and also I had a capital doctor,[2] and H. Fyers came to see me; he is an excellent man.

[1] In his last illness his Bath Doctor said, 'Mr. Lonsdale is almost too good a Patient. He bears pain so well, that one does not know how much he suffers.'

[2] Mr. J. Parsons of Bridgwater.

In the same letter he referred to the pulpit, as often in subsequent letters to Mr. Lloyd, always speaking as if an obligation had been conferred on him, instead of by him, in regard to it. Of his Huntspill pupils he says: 'The few we have had, we have found very pleasant.' For air more bracing than that of Torquay they went to Chagford on the borders of Dartmoor, and to Ilfracombe.

In the autumn of 1876 he writes from

Huntspill, Bridgwater.

Dear Bulmer,—Mrs. Jennings has had the ague, which infests Huntspill, and was also tumbled into a ditch by a Roman Catholic friend, who however is a very nice person, like most Romans I have known. I had a very long illness, but, thanks to my wife and doctors mainly, pulled through. We went to Torquay, Chagford, and Ilfracombe, and when we returned had an ovation, being drawn in by twelve farmers instead of horses, with arches and flag, and guns fired till ten at night. Colonel Fyers amongst others came to see me in my illness. He was very well then. He is very busy with an institution for the Blind, of which he is almost everything, as Hector was to Andromache. . . . Our eldest boy promises to be a cricketer, and

will say perhaps *κρίκκετ ἐγὼ πατέρος μέγ' ἀμείνων εὔχομαι εἶναι.*

The winter of 1876–77 was 'mild' enough to induce him to stay a little longer at Huntspill, where he got on capitally with his Parishioners, as the 'ovation' and the Editor's own experience can testify. He is able to write to Mr. Sale that he had 'kept very well of late.'

January 29, 1877.

Dear Governor,—. . . 1876 was a bad year for us. I am all alone, Clem Bryans having left me yesterday. He is very funny and very industrious, an unusual combination. . . . Tell Mrs. Sale, my very kind *ci-devant* Dr., that I have kept very well of late. To be sure, I am very careful, or rather coddly, now. Our ditches [1] are full of ducks and dirty water, and four men were drowned in an adjoining parish. . . . I had a long letter from my sister Sophy. She is a little better again just now, but I fear she gradually loses ground, and I do not think we shall have her with us long. It will be a sad loss to us, but it is wonderful to think here are we five all alive still, and God has been very good to us, but we cannot expect it for ever.

[1] These salt-water ditches are a feature of the Parish. The land is so flat, formerly the bed of the sea, that the water is retained in them and changed only at High Tides. In the autumn they are unpleasant and unhealthy.

He had still 'kept pretty well' when he wrote to Mr. or Mrs. Bulmer, six weeks later:—

Huntspill Rectory, Bridgwater: March 15, 1877.

Dear Mrs. or Rev. Bulmer,—I was obliged to come back, as, though the Curate is most zealous in visiting, I had to come to a Meeting to forward an improvement in our Bells and Church. We have been most successful and have raised upwards of 800*l.* The dissenting preacher seconded the endeavour in a speech and subscribed, and the dissenters followed him, the head dissenting farmer promising 10*l.*

In this letter he remonstrates with Mr. Bulmer for having 'taken the pledge.' His argument is this: 'Because a lot of people get drunk, that is no reason why a clergyman is to take steps that will be sure to make him less useful.' This however may be said to beg the question. Would it make him less useful?

A record of the Huntspill life would not be complete without mentioning the loyal support that the Rector always received from his churchwarden, Mr. John Burnet, whose constant friendship was of very great value.

His Parishioners showed their appreciation of him by presenting him with his portrait, painted in

oils by a Mr. Ricks of Bridgwater. It is a likeness but hardly his most pleasing look. The photograph[1] at the beginning of this Book gives his usual animated expression.

With the Picture was sent an illuminated address on parchment in the following terms:—

PRESENTED TO

THE REV. JAMES GYLBY LONSDALE

WITH

THE OIL PAINTING OF HIMSELF

by the undersigned Parishioners of Huntspill on his leaving the Parish, after a residence of four years, during which time he has endeared himself to every inhabitant of the Parish and to all those who had the privilege of his acquaintance. It is with the deepest regret that we see him taking leave of us, and his loss will be sadly felt by all.

May he live to enjoy many years of health and happiness, and after his departure from this earthly abode the portrait be handed down to his family from generation to generation as a precious heirloom, to testify the high admiration in which he was held during his short sojourn and ministration in Huntspill.

[74 SIGNATURES]

[1] Taken by Messrs. Elliott and Fry in June 1889 in his seventy-third year.

Nine years afterwards Mr. Tilley, one of the principal farmers at Huntspill, sent his 'grateful remembrance of Mr. Lonsdale's many kindnesses to himself and the Wesleyans generally, when he lived' at Huntspill.

CHAPTER VI

WOODLEIGH—A SCOTCH COLLEY—PUPILS—DECLINES SEVERAL LIVINGS

On July 13, 1878, Mr. Lonsdale left Huntspill, where he had joined largely in restoring the church, and gave up regular Parish work, to which he was quite unequal. He had taken a house called Woodleigh, near Mayfield in Sussex, which he describes in writing to Mr. Lloyd as

> very quiet, perhaps rather too much so, and too far from the Station and from Church. These are the objections. Soon there will be a Station nearer, as a new line is being made. The house and garden are extremely nice, and the view is lovely. . . . We can see an immense way to the West, and indeed a great way to the East and South also. The South Downs in the distance close the view. The roads about in every direction are through a beautiful country. Sussex is said to be the most woody part of England. At Mayfield there is a worthy old parson of the old English kind, of no particular modern

views. At Mayfield also is a very picturesque building, once in the middle ages an Archbishop's palace, then a ruin, now a convent, bought for that purpose by, I believe, the Duchess of Leeds. From our garden is a beautiful view of it. It combines with the Church to make a most picturesque object. The air is beautiful and, when the wind is in the South, has a sea-air feeling in it. The rails here are rather perverse, as the two Companies have quarrelled, whence the public suffer.

During his stay at Woodleigh he made the acquaintance through Mr. Lloyd of two Roman Catholic priests and corresponded after he left Woodleigh (1885) with one of them, Father C., for whom he said 'I have a veneration; he is so good.'

He also sent Mr. Lloyd a donation for any Franciscan community to whom it might be of assistance. This was his practical way of showing his admiration, before mentioned, of St. Francis of Assisi.

They had lived only four months in their new house when they added a new inmate to it in the shape of a colley, whose first coming was not very encouraging. He tells the story in a letter to Mrs. Sale :—

Woodleigh, Mayfield, Sussex: November 11, 1878.

Dear Mrs. Sale,—Mrs. Lonsdale has asked me to thank you for your letter to her. She has got the colley from Scotland. When it started from home, it jumped out of the ferry boat, and swam back, which delayed its appearance for several days. When it had been here a week about, and seemed quite at home, it suddenly bolted towards evening, and we never heard of it for a week. It had a collar on with our direction. At the end of a week we got a letter from a woman near Guildford, to say that it was with her. We sent our man for it, who found the dog with very poor people in a wretched hovel. It is tied up now, but we fear it will bolt again. You see, it had gone north in the right direction for Skye. It is fairly pretty. It is grey round the mouth, but this does not, I suppose, mean that it is old, for it has a young look and way about it. I return you your letter from the Cedars. The man at Skye writes very rich letters. He speaks of dear Toss, and how 'his humble judgment and knowledge of the animal could dictate to him.' This Mildred ought to tell the Spanish of. He adds: 'I may inform you that I have another young female colley pup to dispose of, and of a black and tan colour; a most perfect beauty, and of a 1st class breed, and well known in Skye; and which may I use the liberty of respectfully asking you to

recommend.' Please give my love to dear Mildred, whom I prefer to 'dear Toss.'

> What is the way to prevent the loss
> A second time of dearest Toss?

We lost sight of Mr. Lonsdale at Mayfield, but we have heard that he was as much liked there as in each of his former homes.

He appears to have led a quiet life at Woodleigh, coaching Pupils and being kind to Rich and Poor. At Christmas 1882 he examined a few of the Pupils of the lower part of Malvern School and 'thought that they seemed very well taught.' He found his nephew Edward, a master in the school, 'very flourishing.' This he calls 'the only bit of luck in the Bryans family, which seems to have all the arrows of outrageous fortune shot at it.'

In a letter to Mrs. Sale, after mentioning a friend whose wife in his opinion had not interfered as she might, he writes:—

> Husband-adoration is a sort of violation of the 2nd commandment, making a marital image. If you worship a golden calf, you only do harm to yourself, none to the golden calf. But the worship of a spouse does double harm, and is twice mischievous; it hurts both her that adores

and him who is adored. Therefore, O wives, flee from such idolatry. I thank God my wife has too much sense to worship me; or perhaps my failings are so evident, there is no temptation to do so; or it may be both together. We have it very cold here, but the snow is going away quietly. It is just the weather, not indeed pleasant for mortals, but good for Mother Earth, as the old lady never has bronchitis. We have got a jolly little dog,[1] a fox-terrier. I am so absurdly fond of it, I dream of it at night. Sale would despise me utterly.

Lonsdale's health appears to have become stronger, for on February 20, 1884, he writes to Mrs. Sale:—

. . . I am sorry for your cook trouble. As far as I am concerned, I care nothing what I eat,[2] so long as I have enough. Thank God, I have been well of late and do not find three pupils too much at present, though sixty-seven is a good age. They are three nice fellows, though they prefer amusement to lessons. . . . Do please take care of yourself, so far as you can. You have been a kind friend to

[1] Gyp, still alive.

[2] Lonsdale cared even too little, eating the toughest meat, rather than give trouble or hurt any one's feelings; and this with his liver by no means healthy.

me, patient when I was ill, and with me as curate too, when, owing to you, I was better. Friends must part however, sooner or later; let us hope to meet. Autrement ce serait trop malheureux de veiller; Dieu ne voudrait pas donner ce chagrin sans espérance. Vous pensez ainsi que moi. And old heathen Socrates said 'I should think it hard to die, if I did not believe I was going to God and the good dead.' . . . As to Gladstone, he is to me as a red flag to a bull; so I will stop. . . .

He is conscious however of becoming slightly deaf, as he mentions in the following letter to the Editor :—

Woodleigh: February 21, 1884.

. . . I have three pupils at present; they are not fond of literature and like hounds better than Homer, but they are nice and gentlemanlike and pleasant. I hope much you and your wife and children are well, also Susan, whom I must not forget. I am very well for sixty-seven, a little deaf no doubt, but as I remember your sister saying, 'There must be something, when one gets old.' A friend of mine is writing a book against scepticism; he has asked me to look at it; I may be wrong, but it seems to me that religion has the better of scepticism, not only in feeling and heart, but also in logic and head.

Soon after, he wrote again, about the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Peake :—

Woodleigh : March 6, 1884.

. . . As one is drawing near to the grave one's thoughts go more to God, but yet I fear I am no better, and the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Alas ! Mr. and Mrs. Peake have met with a terrible calamity in the death of their eldest son by cholera at Hyderabad in the Deccan. He went there on business in his telegraph department. They are dreadfully afflicted.

He wrote again on

Easter Eve, 1884.

. . . You mention a Cambridge University Prize poem. Oxford too has prize poems. They say there was one sent in at Oxford, which did not get the Prize, on the Sandwich Islands, in which were these lines :—

> Soon as they moored their ship, before their view
> Slices of bread and ham spontaneous grew ;
> Pleas'd with the sight, the gallant Captain smiles
> And aptly named the land the 'Sandwich Isles.'

But this must have been made up.

By November 1884, if not before, Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale had determined to leave Woodleigh at the expiration of their seven years' lease.

While at Woodleigh Mr. Lonsdale was offered the living of Eridge Green by the Marquis of Abergavenny, and also that of Ightfield in Shropshire by his cousin Mr. Arthur P. Heywood Lonsdale, but he felt his age and uncertain health, and feared to undertake the charge of a Parish again.

From time to time a Balliol Living fell vacant which was necessarily offered to him, but South Luffenham and Huntspill were the only Parishes fortunate enough to secure him as their Rector. Once, when asked how many Livings had been offered him, he said that he 'really could not tell; there had been a great many.'

CHAPTER VII

WEYBRIDGE—WRITES MEMOIR OF DR. TURNER—DEATH OF BISHOP FRASER—SALMONBY—SKEGNESS—ILL-HEALTH—EPITAPH TO ARCHDEACON ALLEN—HINTS ON LATIN PROSE—MISS STEWART—VISIT TO LICHFIELD—VERSES ON 1888—LETTERS IN VERSE—WEAKNESS—DEATH OF HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW MR. BRYANS—LOCUM TENENS AT ASHBY—DEAFNESS—SAINTS' DAYS

THE contemplated move was made at Christmas 1885. Woodleigh did not suit Mrs. Lonsdale's health, and she hoped that the gravelly soil of Weybridge might relieve her asthma. Soon after they had moved into the little house which they had bought there and which stood in its own pretty grounds, I heard again from Mr. Lonsdale :—

Hillside, Weybridge, January 28, 1885.
My brother John's birthday, who is sixty-seven to-day.

Such is the fame of Weybridge, 'Surrey' is needless. . . . In spite of workmen in the house, perpetual east wind, frequent fogs, colds and coughs, we think we like Weybridge. There seem nice people here. There is a good clergy-

man and amiable-looking curates. The doctrine is moderate High Church with regeneration at baptism insisted on. . . . It is a restless age, and no one is satisfied with anything. The perpetual changes at the Universities, once stable institutions, are very strange. You will be sorry to hear that my old friend Dr. Dawson Turner, whom you will remember at Wargrave, fell down in a fit at a pillar-post just after he had put a letter in to me. He was at once conveyed to the Charing Cross Hospital, at which Hospital he had tried to do all the good he could, specially with what he called the 'Samaritan Fund.' He has loaded me with kindnesses all his life nearly, *i.e.* ever since we rowed in the same boats at Oxford. I fear at his time of life he can hardly recover from such a severe attack; the only hope, it is said, is that he should be kept quite quiet. It is a great loss to many to whom he has been a help. From a stranger I had a letter saying how he should miss him.

Lonsdale was very much affected by the death of Dr. Turner, who had never ceased to be grateful to him for helping him in his studies at Oxford and in his School.

One of the very few of his own writings published by Lonsdale was a short Memoir of Dr. Turner, dated April 1885. It is so well put to-

gether and in such clear forcible language as to prove that its author was capable of literary distinction if he had chosen to be a public writer.

Lonsdale had been much struck with the words of a Prayer given him by a lady at Weybridge. 'This beautiful prayer,' he says, 'acknowledges our weakness and troubles, our ignorance and sorrow; and then sends us to God's defence and care, his wisdom and strength, his love, tenderness and consolations, his unchangeableness; for indeed Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' He goes on to say, 'Sometimes when I feel downcast or anxious, I have found advantage in thinking of the perfect serenity and unchangeable steadiness of God, near whom no solicitude or trouble can come; and when he has tried us for a time, he will, we trust, give unto us of this serenity for ever.'

On the second Sunday in Lent 1885 he had sent to Mr. Sale these lines suggested by a Sermon on Esau and Jacob, taken from the First Lesson of the Morning Service. The Preacher was a nephew of Mr. Sale. A college friend said of him, 'Fox was always a good fellow;' but Lonsdale says, 'Fox set before us this morning that it is not enough before God to be what is called "a

good fellow," though doubtless it is a good substratum to build grace on : '—

Who is the chosen one, whom God will bless
With happiness ?
Not he who entertains his whims each day
With trifling play ;
Nor he whose busy life scant time can spare
For daily prayer ;
Nor jolly sailor on the buoyant wave ;
Nor soldier brave
Returning happy home ; nor politician
Or skilled musician.
All these have lesser joys, not highest pleasure
Stored in God's treasure.
Not even faith, nor hope which longs to see
God's Majesty
Has chiefest joy of all ; which Christ will keep
For them that weep
With those that weep, whose hearts the secret know
How to soothe woe.

During all this time and indeed for the greater part of his life Lonsdale never omitted to give pleasure to good Miss Stewart, who was now very old. To one of his letters she sends this answer :—

October 21, 1885.

My dear James,—Your kind amusing letter did me much good, for my mind has been lately going round and round in an unchanging circle.

But I strive to get out of it, and such pleasant letters as yours break into it most beneficially. To-day I have another dissipation of my monotonous circle of thought, in picturing to myself the opening of the grand Nave of the Abbey.[1] It is a great work for one man to have done, both as to gold and wit. Many a name in the Calendar is less deserving of its place there. . .

I am glad you find Demosthenes and Cicero such cheery companions and good Conservatives. You have such a wide range of first-rate acquaintances that I often envy you. I suppose moderns, in some way, must always fall short of them, though I set Shakspeare above them all. He stands alone by general acclaim. I am thankful he did not write in Sanscrit. . . .

Lonsdale was, as has been said, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester, of whom he wrote at his death (1885):—

It was wonderful how Fraser drew all together. Partly it was by the sincerity and transparency of his character, which appears to me also in my friend George Blisset; partly of course by his energy and clearness of intellect. Thus people knew where he was taking them, and that he would never leave

[1] St. Alban's Abbey, restored by Lord Grimthorpe at his own expense.

them in the lurch : clear he was in mind, clear in heart.

His feelings he expressed in the following lines :—

(Prov. xxvii. 19)

The Scripture says, as face to face
Answers, so does the heart to heart,
And to a stranger gives a part
Of its own joy, and grace for grace.

For with what face a man I meet,
With the like face he will reply,
And correspond to courtesy,
And kindly greeted so will greet.

And one we've known, whose manly frame
And radiant smile and joyous looks,
Better than even godly books,
Put grumpy gloominess to shame.

At times a softness feminine
With tender threads another draws ;
At times success for God's own cause
Is won by virtue masculine.

Such was the light James Fraser cast
Even in smoky Manchester ;
Hard working men felt happier
As by that happy face they past.

In Italy we need not roam
  Seeking the rays that warm the skin,
  A little fire that glows within
Gives sunbeams to an English home.

By 'manliness and godliness'
  He could the Sons of Toil engage
  Ever an honest war to wage
In the strong might of joyousness.

The cares of office thus beguiled,
  He put aside by Xtian power,
  And even to his life's last hour
In spirit was a happy child.

So while our hearts with life shall throb
  We cherish still a recollection;
  The strong must die; of fond affection
No time our souls shall ever rob.

Lonsdale evidently dreaded a journey which he had to make at this time to Nottinghamshire on December 4, 'to vote for Edmund Beckett's brother.' 'I ought to go,' he says, 'though I expect it will be quite hopeless. No doubt the Liberals there will have a large majority. So my going on Thursday to Oxford (he is writing on Saturday, November 20) must be quite doubtful, for moving about shakes me who am sixty-nine.'

'I have been seedy with Diarrhœa, my old enemy.' His old enemy pursued him to the end, and often prevented him from leaving home to visit his friends. This Christmas he had a cough, and he writes that he was in his seventieth year, and never was strong, and 'was' given to coughs and bile and 'was' shaky and toddly, with legs that wouldn't lift. He had had a 'short but very beautiful letter' from Miss Stewart, who herself had a cough which he feared was very bad. 'When Miss Stewart goes,' he writes, 'no such letters will come; and what will be the good of letters in heaven, when all will be ubiquitous? Two months later she spoke of 'setting her house in order,' which made him melancholy. His opinion about excited meetings on Disendowment was that they did 'little good.' 'The real way to prevent it,' he thought, was 'to work in Parishes' as many did.

In one of his letters he says, 'I do not wish to be superstitious, but I must say I believe in visions granted to dying people; they seem to rest on good evidence, and it is not likely that in all cases they should be mere fancies, for there are reported visions of such kinds in all ages.'

On February 24, 1886, Mrs. Lonsdale having

gone to London to see her doctor, he writes: 'She will certainly get into a fog, perhaps into a mob. A fog + mob = el Inferno. . . . London is getting like Paris without its climate. . . . I have been little to church lately owing to seediness.'

That Lonsdale had not forgotten Dr. Turner after the lapse of fifteen months is shown by his letter to Mr. Henry Duckworth,[1] who speaks of Mr. Lonsdale's letters to him as 'full of that kind loving consideration which endeared him to all who had the privilege of his friendship and acquaintance:'—

Hillside, Weybridge: April 30, 1886.

> . . . I am glad to renew my acquaintance with you, begun through my dear, good, generous old friend Dr. Turner, whose death I still feel, and indeed shall feel for the short period of life now appointed for me.

In August 1886 'he went,' writes his brother, 'as Locum Tenens to a village called Salmonby, in Lincolnshire. The entire population was about one hundred. But on the fourth, his last, Sunday, such had been the fame of his preaching that people flocked in from neighbouring villages, and, though inhabitants are sparse in that country, all the chairs and benches out of school and cottages were fetched

[1] No relation to the Editor.

into the church to accommodate those who had been attracted to hear him.' But he was by no means vain of his preaching. When asked one day at Weybridge whether he had been preaching lately, 'No,' was the answer, 'but I heard myself last Sunday.' Being asked what he meant, he replied, 'Well, I had promised the Vicar to preach; but, when I awoke in the morning, I was so hoarse, I could barely speak above a whisper. Luckily a Parson-friend was staying with me. So I gave him my sermon and made him get it up; and he preached it, and mighty dull it was.' And his eyes sparkled as he told the story.

Of Salmonby he says: 'We like [it] very much. We have a high cart here and small pony who "plaits" his legs, descending a hill, as if he had D.T. Amy drives him with skill and patience.'

Leaving Salmonby when his four weeks' Sunday duty were over, Lonsdale went with his wife to a 'new watering place Skegness in the flats, very amusing . . . thronged by excursionists from Boston, Nottingham, and even London . . . ugly but lively and healthy,' with 'a grand pier one-third of a mile long.' He writes from Frederika House, Grand Parade, Skegness, to Mr. Bulmer:—

August 13, 1886.

Certainly I ought to have written to you about the death of Colonel H. Fyers. To know him was to love him. He has been not as a cousin to me but as a brother. His end was a happy one. God saved him the suffering to a great extent which it might have been expected he would go through. To the last he was like what he had always been, thinking of others more than of himself.

His impressions of Skegness are recorded in the following verses.

SKEGNESS.

O Muse, I beg,
Come sing of Skeg,
The 'kitchen maid'
Of watering places once, but now by aid
Of Esplanade
And Grand Parade
Behold! her crowned
To banjo's sound,
Justly, I ween,
Of watering places happy, glorious Queen.

A smart hair-cutter
This dictum in his shop was heard to utter:
'To Skeg don't go
The Monde called Beau;'

But then the 'classes'
Are only asses
And none are civilized, except the 'masses.'

. . . . . .

The very air
Will banish care,
And, without question,
Cures indigestion
And every ill
Better than pill.
Come then with me
To Skeg, and see
All life's epitome;
Excursionists
With splendid twists,
And boys and maids,
Children with spades,
Then man in cap and gown
Who singing sweetly charms the crowded town.
I'm sure that he
Of Cambridge is M.B.:
In the museum a fine whale
And gents as big as whales made fat by ale
'Tis true, not many skippers,
But lots of blithe cheap-trippers;
Crier with bell;
Many a swell;
And lads and lasses
Riding on asses;
Whose vast amount
No tongue of mortal man shall ever count.

Hark! the banjo;
My heart's a-go;
My heart grows bigger;
I see a nigger.
Then Tom is heard to say to Peggy:
'Margate is slow,
Not to say low.
We'll always go
Each holiday to Skeggy.'
Torquay no more is sought.
Lo! Scarborough is nought.
And Skeggy's charms are rarer
Than any Riviera.
Here is no rock
The view to block,
And as I look around
A pastoral flat I see without a bound;
With telescope
I fondly hope
To see the sea.
Ah! happy me!
If here I dance a jig,
I'm censured by no prig;
Here dwells loud liberty,
The jolly comrade of Vulgarity.

But, Muses dear,
No tongue I fear
Can fitly tell the wondrous length of Skeggy's splendid peerless Pier:

Its length could tire
Legs though constructed of best patent wire ;
Its length could reach
Over the foaming sea to Holland's beach ;
Its length is such
That at the end one hears men talking Dutch.

Miss Stewart next writes about his kindness with regard to her birthday :—

Clapton, E. : October 1, 1886.

My dear James,—Your kind letter about my poor old birthday, so old that it had long ceased to arouse sympathy, I felt very much ; for your friendship I hold as one of the blessings of my life. A good portion of the brightness of the octogenarian woman, you so kindly regard, comes from your letters and verses, which mingle with the kindness you have always shewn me, and I thank you heartily for it all. This is sentiment but not sentimentality.

. . . . . .

From Miss Stewart he heard this amusing anecdote of a dialogue in the Pit, after 'Faust' had come to an end. He : 'Well, I don't know what you think, I think it's *unchristianlike*.' She : 'Well, you've seemed to enjoy yourself, and I'm sure I have.' He (after staring at her) : 'Well ! if you were a good girl, you wouldn't have enjoyed yourself.'

To Mr. Graves he wrote on March 7, 1887 :—

You told me, I think, that you were 77 on the 9th, and I thought I should like to write to you to wish you and Mrs. Graves a happy new year, if it please God. I am seven years younger, but, as I am not very well, I do not naturally look to attain your age. It is wonderful I am alive at all. When I first went to Bowness, where I had the happiness of knowing you and Mrs. Graves and many other kind friends, a man said to me, I remember, 'I do not think you will survive long.'

On the 21st of the same month he writes in the same strain :—

I am far from well and have a definite complaint about me; still my spirits are very good, far better than I deserve, and I may go on, if careful.

The change to Salmonby and Skegness did not do his health any permanent good. On December 21 he tells us: 'I have of late been far from well. But this is natural at 70.[1] . . . I have just lost an excellent friend in Archdeacon Allen, who was 76 years old.' Lonsdale wrote his epitaph for a Brass in Lichfield Cathedral, and Mr. Grier, the Archdeacon's biographer, describes it as being 'from the pen of one of England's best scholars

[1] He said once to his sister, Mrs. Bryans, 'Seventy is a good age to die at.'

and one of my father-in-law's greatest friends.' It runs as follows :—

M. S.
IOHANNIS ALLEN A. M.
QUI
PENBROCKIÆ NATUS A.S. MDCCCX
INTER SCHOLARES REGIOS WESTMONASTERIENSES
DEINDE INTER SCHOLARES REGIOS S.S. TRIN : APUD CANTABR ;
LITERIS IMBUTUS
POSTEA INSPECTOR SCHOLARUM PUBLICUS
PREESII VICARIUS SALOPIÆ ARCHIDIACONUS
IN HACCE ECCLESIA OLIM DE ULVETON EX PARTE CANTORIS
PRÆBENDARIUS
EPISCOPO LICHEFELDENSI XXIV ANNOS A SACRIS
TANDEM S. IOHANNIS B. HOSPITII IBIDEM CUSTOS
DECESSIT A.S. MDCCCLXXXVI

INERAT ILLI
PIETAS ERGA DEUM TANQUAM OCULIS PRÆSENTEM SINCERA
VULTU SERMONE HABITUQUE IPSO COMMENDATA
CUM SINGULARI MORUM ET NATURÆ SIMPLICITATE CONIUNCTA
VIR SUI GENERIS
BONORUM OMNIUM AMOREM
PRÆSERTIM EPISCOPI SUI IOHANNIS LONSDALE ÆQUABAT
INTER AMICOS HILARIS
LEPORE QUODAM AC SALE SPARSUS
BREVITATIS DILUCIDÆ STUDIOSUS
OMNIA PALAM NIHIL PER PRÆSTIGIAS AGEBAT
IUSTITIÆ VINDEX ACERRIMUS
PROPOSITI TENAX ADVERSUS PRÆPOTENTES INTREPIDUS
PAUPERIBUS QUOTIDIANO USU CARISSIMUS
CHRISTO UNI ADDICTUS
ALIIS CONSULEBAT SEMPER SIBI NUNQUAM

OPTIME DE SE MERITO
UXOR ET LIBERI
H. M. P. C.

JACOBUS LONSDALE

The following Lines were sent to John H. Allen, Esq., son of Archdeacon Allen, together with the draft of a Second Inscription for Epitaph in King's College Chapel. Dr. Henry Holden had thought the first too long :—

ἀγαθοῦ πατρὸς παῖ, φίλον Ἰωάννου κάρα,
οὕτι σε μεθήσω τοῦδε δευτέρου πόνου·
(τίς οὐ πονεῖν βούλοιτο τοιούτου γ' ὕπερ ;)
τοίγαρ σὲ δείξον δριμύν, ἔντονον κριτήν,
καὶ πάντ' ἔλεγχ', ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω στρέφων,
πάσας τ' ἐρευνῶν ἐξέταζ' ἁμαρτίας·
ἐπεὶ δέδοικα μὴ διαφθέρω λόγῳ
ἀρετὰς πατρὸς σοῦ, φαῦλος ὢν ἐπαινέτης.
κρύψον δὲ τἀμά, μήποθ' Ὠλδήνῳ δοκῶ
καιροῦ πέρα μάταιά πως μακρηγορῶν.

Dear John, in censure do not halt,
Pitch into all, find many a fault.
An honest critic 's worth his salt.

He thus politely declines an invitation to stay in Bath :—

January 24, 1887.

. . . . How very good of you and Mrs. Duckworth to be willing to be bothered with an aged valetudinarian (what a splendid word!) I am in luck, for on Saturday I had an invitation to

Wyddfa [1] from my mother-in-law. But I do not feel well enough to stay out at present.

Quis tolerare potest agros? in tecta recepti
Sollicitant hilarum corda fugantque jocos.
Nocte dieque gemunt miseri cupiuntque dolentque.
Multa petunt varii; deinde petita timent.
Me tamen ecce vocat niveo mons nomine dictus,
Mox etiam e Prato litera missa Piri.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Et stomachum exultans alloquor ipse meum,
'Fortunate senex! Felix Currusque Generque;
Scilicet ægroto limen utrumque patet?'

But, while courteous to every one else, he was equally courteous to his own relations. To his sister-in-law Mrs. John Lonsdale he writes in 1886 about her 'delightful and charming letter.' And again, 'You have been a kind sister to me, very little "in law."' And on January 29, 1887, 'Greatly I am honoured by hearing from you after John.' At that date he says of himself, 'I am in very good spirits, better than I deserve, and surely at 70 one has no right to feel strong or very well; but indeed I am rather better.'

He could however be sarcastic, though he was

[1] Wyddfa, the name of Mr. Peake's, his father-in-law's, house near Bath: Welsh for Snowdon.

certain to say or do something at the same time to take the sting out of his own sarcasm. In the letter just quoted he talks of the frequent calls of 'the kind-hearted people here.'

> Name woman's chiefest duty. 'Tis to call.
> Her second duty name. It is to call.
> Name others. None; to call is all in all.

He was indeed attached to his sister-in-law, and always spoke affectionately of her to other people. He mentions her in writing to the Editor :—

Weybridge: January 29, 1887.

. . . I had a letter from your old friend Mrs. John Lonsdale from Cannes. She says she 'flourishes like a green bay tree.' Round about her bloom roses and the sunsets are lovely.

> Ceu viridis laurus floret, quam Phœbus inaurat
> Occiduus, circum dum rosa multa rubet.

These lines are, I hope, not obscure. Suetonius says of Horace, 'vitio obscuritatis minime tenebatur;' and Aristotle says the chief merit of style is to be *σαφήs*. My father, whom I prefer to Suetonius and Aristotle, could not stand obscurity. He was particularly fierce with S. Coleridge. Willy sends no verses.

La Musa di Guglielmo
Mi guarda freddamente,
Onde l' antico Cocchio
Dolore già sente.

This I hope is not obscure.

. . . . . .

On accepting as a Pupil a son of Mr. Henry Duckworth, he writes to his father :—

February 2, 1887.

. . . I am 70 years old, very old for a tutor, as you ought to know. . . . It will be a great pleasure to me to have Forbes, please tell him with my kind regards ; also that if in the meantime he likes to send me verses, it will be a pleasure to me to look them over, only tell him to leave lots of room between the lines for alterations. Verses will make him a better Scholar, and his Uncle always liked verses. He (I mean now Forbes) already writes excellent Latin Prose.[1] Nevertheless, give him the following Recipe for making (not pudding) but a much less useful thing, Latin Prose.[2]

In several letters Lonsdale alludes to his diminution of income owing to agricultural de-

[1] He had already got a Scholarship at Merton College, Oxford.

[2] *Recipe for Latin Prose*, afterwards published as *Hints for Latin Prose*, on a card, uniform with *Hints for Latin Verse*, by J. G. L. and R.D.

pression. On March 2 he speaks of 'bad times' and says :—

> The land my father left me gives me much trouble now, so that I have to be careful. But . . all have troubles, one one and one another. . . . Old Keate once enlarged on 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' Old Keate, who certainly did not appear to have the grace of meekness when we were at Eton under him, became, as I am told, when retired to his living, very meek, like 'a tamed lion.' But indeed even in his Eton days old Keate was always submissive to his wife. How I do go on in the rambling, twaddling way of old age, as may be expected at 70! . . . . . Shrewsbury School gave me sundry friends, Sale, Fraser, Shilleto, Levien, Holden. All I liked much, and yet so different, which adds to the pleasure of thinking of them. Two are gone.[1] . . . I am better on the whole, and do not feel at all a dying man. My wife takes much care of me. The Doctor said (and I suppose he knows, only my father used to say of the race of doctors, 'Their ignorance is wonderful') I must be very careful not to catch cold. . . . I never could see with Fraser that buying livings is bad; but on the contrary good. . . .

[1] Bishop Fraser and Mr. Shilleto were dead.

Of the growing distaste of Parents for Greek and even for Latin, he complains somewhat bitterly in his next letter to Mr. Graves from Weybridge, dated

March 14, 1887.

> You kindly said that I might send you a copy of my Hints on Latin writing, and so I do. . . . To-day I had a melancholy letter from a young friend who is a schoolmaster. He says, 'Greek is gone from his school, and Latin will soon follow. Parents only want boys to be taught what is of immediate use. English literature will be a poor substitute for Classics. Science-teaching is in most cases a farce.' With all this I quite agree, believing in the old Classics and Mathematics. But Democracy is sure to hate Classics. In France I saw the Republic had waged war on them. The hatred of classics is a form of Radicalism, as I remember Mr. Murray the publisher saying.

As to the use of the Aorist in Greek, he writes to Mr. Graves a week later :—

> I must say I think the Reviewers did not go wrong about that tense. In many places 'have' seems to me to translate it right, though I was told Canon Westcott, when a Master at Harrow, subtracted many marks from any boy who put 'have' for this tense. Still it is certain that

among the Reviewers were many of the first scholars in England.

Lonsdale was essentially Conservative in his thoughts and ways. He disliked inaccuracy and vagueness, and as a training for the mind he thought the old-fashioned Classics and Mathematics better than the new subjects, which seemed to encourage young men to be 'bumptious.' He writes to the Editor to this effect :—

Weybridge : May 11, 1887.

Thank you very much for telling me that Willy has got into New College. They say that New College is one of the best colleges at Oxford, and I much hope it will suit Willy. Those general question papers I have seen ; they are odd things, as, 'discuss whether Contentment is a virtue,' &c. I am old-fashioned and do not like them much, as they appear to me to be apt to encourage bumptiousness. Young men, I find, are very apt to give their opinions freely on all subjects under the sun, about which old ones have learnt to be doubtful. Mathematics and classics encourage accuracy, especially mathematics. It is an odd thing, but I have just been doing Pindar ! with a pupil I now have, and his name is Duckworth, though no relation of yours. He is a nephew of Canon Duckworth the Queen's friend.

About Miss Stewart he writes to Mr. Graves, June 16, 1887, from Weybridge:—

> We have an old lady coming, once governess to my sisters. She is in her way for knowledge and kindness the most wonderful woman I know. Her knowledge is as extensive as accurate. Though she has not had many of the good things of this earth, she is a great Tory. Unluckily she is quite deaf.

From time to time Lonsdale wrote in 'The Guardian;' e.g. in Lent 1888 a review of Bishop Fraser's sermons, which was considered 'excellent.'

In August Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale went for change of air to Scarborough, and in September they were to pay a visit to his brother at Lichfield, and Mrs. Lonsdale had evidently considered for him what he would not have been likely to consider for himself; namely, the shabbiness of his coat. At this he laughs in rhyme:—

4 Crown Crescent, Scarborough: Monday, August 29, 1887.

The evening coat I wear
Is very ancient, shabby and thread-bare;
At lodgings it may do;
But when I'm asked to stay with such as you,
A Canon Residential,
A better coat is surely quite essential.

Our Amy, who is able
All to arrange, has sent by post a label
To ask them to transmit
Unto your care a tail-coat that is fit,
In which I may look fine,
If Deans and Bishops should be asked to dine.
Thus clad, all swells I'll face,
Or turn my glossy back, and not disgrace
Our honoured family,
Nor all the glory of the Canonry.
Beg Sophy, my kind niece,
To free th' imprisoned coat, and smooth out every crease.
Bright is our expectation
Lichfield to reach (I mean the City Station),
Be weather foul or fine,
Next Friday by the train at 5 and 49.

He refers to this visit in a letter to his sister-in-law, to whom and to all his relations he was always, as I have said before, courteous as well as affectionate. In it he says (October 16, 1887) :—

> It is good of you being so kind as to say you enjoyed our visit. I am sure I was bore enough with my ailments. You were all very good and patient.

This letter is also important as showing how absurd and unsatisfactory he thought a merely metaphysical religion.

> I have at her request lent Mrs. Legge Herbert Spencer's 'First Principles.' Herbert Spencer hath said in his heart and in his book too 'There is no God' except an ever-receding limit of mystery, a kind of shadowing end of metaphysical obscurity; and it is not much good, when one feels bad with eyes or diarrhœa, saying 'O limit of abstraction, have mercy on me!'

Lonsdale felt the need and the consolation of a personal God who hears and answers prayer, granting or denying it as He knows to be best for us.

On September 9 he again thanks Mrs. John Lonsdale 'and John and Sophy and Annie for all their kindness,' and says, 'In spite of diarrhœa, and bile, and cough, and cold, and stomach-ache, and cockles[1] I had a most delightful visit. What I should have had if diarrhœaless and bileless and uncockled, it is easier to imagine than describe, as newspapers say.'

In the autumn of 1887 his son Hubert's serious illness was a great grief to Mr. Lonsdale. His wonderful sympathy and tenderness in the illness of any member of his family, and indeed of all with whom he had to do, should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Nor should his love for children, es-

[1] Cockle's Pills.

pecially his own, be unremembered. In reading to them, playing games and making merry rhymes, he seemed perfectly happy.

When the new year set in, the figures of which it was composed struck his humorous fancy.

1888.

When shall we three meet again?
A thousand years must pass, and then
We'll meet again.
Mortals a thousand years must wait
Till they again their letters date
With triple 8.
A thousand years ago they met
These 8 combined, but had not yet
In front a 1.
But time has run,
And England many kings has known
Since Alfred sat upon the throne,
He of whom Markham mention makes
As inattentive to those cakes:
That date I scorn, when men in hovels
Never perused three-volumed novels;
Being uncivilized
They never advertised,
And, what will hardly be believed,
No printed circulars received.
With dirt and darkness could not cope
Sans Lucifers, sans Sunlight-Soap.

If, when a thousand years are past,
This cranky crazy world shall last,
Whenever letters come to hand,
Before three 8s a 2 will stand:
What then shall happen, I can't guess.
Perhaps there'll be a Moon-express,
Perhaps an universal mess.
Multiplication is vexation;
High numbers are a botheration,
And, when shall come time's consummation,
Numbers, though high, in vain will try
To sum the years of long eternity,
And then the 8s, though more than three,
At sixes and at sevens will be.

He again alludes to the hard times, writing to his sister-in-law about two months afterwards that he was 'rather hard up because of this Agricultural Depression, which is getting more and more depressed, deeper, deeper down declivities of discouragement, destitution, despair. Observe the Tennysonian alliteration:—

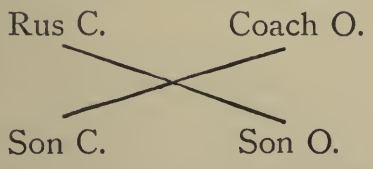
If that your mind is set upon
Contrasts, read Burns, then Tennyson;
The first is clear, to nature dear.
The 2nd—Well, he is a Peer.' . . .

Two of his letters have been kept, both written March 9, 1888, from Weybridge. In one he wishes

Mr. and Mrs. Graves 'all happiness in the year, if it be God's will, or rather not "if," for God always wills our happiness,' and praising Jules Simon's book on Natural Religion as having French clearness without French flippancy, and saying that he had inherited from his [Lonsdale's] father a love of clearness and therefore disliked most of modern poetry.

In the other letter, to the Editor, he writes :—

> I have o special to say, but, as many friends are gone from me, and only yesterday I heard [of] the death of one good, who was a like-minded friend [Rev. John Levien]—
>
> *ξευχθεὶς ἕτοιμος ἦν ἐμοὶ σειραφόρος.*[1]
>
> I seem to cling to those still spared to unworthy me by God. . . . I hope much that Willy is getting on at Oxford. It seems odd, your son to Oxford, mine to Cambridge.



τούτων ἐναλλὰξ ὀνομάτων μορφὴν ἰδέ.[2]

My son is naturally proud of Trinity Hall,[3] which has, I think, six in the Cam racing boat.

[1] 'He was attached to me as a ready assistant.' Æsch. *Ag.* 842.
[2] 'Observe the alternation of these names.'
[3] He had just taken his B.A. degree.

Old Latham, commonly called Ben, though his name is H., and who is devoted to boating men, must rejoice at this, now he is as he deserves Head of the Hall : so I almost hope Cam may win this time.

In July he writes to his sister-in-law a chatty letter in verse from a small Parish where he was taking the duty for a short time:—

Ashley, Tetbury, Gloucestershire.

Dear Sarah,

Always very kind,
Don't bore yourself, but bear in mind
That letters writ by such as I
Want no reply.

I'm very sorry that your sight
Forbids you both to read and write ;
'Tis wonderful, you are not dreary,
But bright and cheery.

But yet the weather much depresses,
And shoes and trousers much it messes ;
The hay is black, alack ! alack !
Not fit to stack.

The rain, it raineth ev'ry day,
Boys sing in vain, 'Rain, go away ;'
And ev'ry one doth sadly say,
'Poor hay, poor hay.'

But then the cattle all are grazing,
Their greedy heads not ever raising;
And this wet weather rightly suits
The roots, the roots.

I'm sorry for dear Sophy's knee;
I hope it don't hurt dreadfully,
Nor interfere with all the glories
Of her rich stories.

But then I'm glad (since, as you know,
Our joys are mingled with our woe)
That brother John in letter mentions
That Jack's intentions

Give to the family much pleasure.
I hope he has secured a treasure
Cheery and nice and good, a gal
Parochial.

This place is made for contemplation,
'Tis very still, not near a Station;
While very large the Manor Hall,
The Church is small;

A lady built this Hall; 'the Church
I'll leave,' said she, 'quite in the lurch;'
'Tis told, for words so proud and bad,
She went stark mad.

The simple people love the Rector;[1]
He does not lecture them, nor hector,
And, if with sickness they should droop,
He sends good soup.

The Rectory has many a book,
And splendid is the Rector's cook.
Alas! she makes me very greedy,
Soon to be seedy,

With cakes and jam and cream for tea,
And kidneys done delightfully,
And all that may the appetite
To greed invite.

Your Amy has most pleasantly
My Amy asked and Berny and me;
(The Celtic name that ends in 'aes'[2]
Does me amaze.)

Her Card to-day explains the way,
How that by Hereford and Hay,
And where 'Three Cocks' vociferous crow,
By rail they go.

But now of doggerels enough,
Lest you should weary of this stuff;
But sometimes please to think of me
As a L. T.[3]

[1] Rev. E. Baskerville Mynors.

[2] Cefnfaes, near Rhayader, the country home of his niece, Mrs. John Corry Carter.

[3] Locum Tenens.

While at Ashley he also composed the following pleasant verses, in the form of a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Sale :—

Rectory, Ashley, Tetbury, Gloucestershire.

Railroads, be pleased to carry
This to Hôtel de Paris,
Unto far-famed Madrid,
And country of the Cid.
News have I now to tell,
That all with us is well,
And that we've had a letter
To say our son is better ;
Wherefore we praise the Lord,
That he's so far restored,
And humbly hope that he
May have recovery,
For which much-wished-for day
Please, both of you, do pray ;
Your prayers will us avail,
O Charles and Mary Sale,
Ye denizens of Holt,
Where sometimes horses bolt,
Where sports the playful colt,
And eggless chickens moult ;
Where flowers of many a hue,
Orange, white, red, and blue,
Glance fair before the view ;
Trees worthy of a park
Form there a background dark ;
There doggies often bark ;

There pictures meet the eye
Like to a gallery.
But who shall ever say
How many cats there play?
'Mongst whom to move is seen
The smooth Egyptian Queen;
Be careful, as you tread,
Lest you squeeze kitten's head.
There, too, is that Mosaic,
A sight that's not prosaic,

. . . . . .

But now, kind friends, will I,
Using our Litany,
In duty ever pray
That you upon your way
May safely go each day,
And see each Spanish sight,
Churches most exquisite,
Hidalgos courteous
As Dons who never fuss.
And is it true, what's told,
That Tagus runs with gold?
And is it true, the bread
To eat you need not dread,
But ever, without question,
Is good for the digestion?
I'm sure we can't complain
Of old romantic Spain,
That from your hand oft fetches
Those easy charming sketches.

Then you the Straits will cross
(Ye winds, the boat don't toss)
And dusky Moors will view,
Which e'en to you is new,
Though travellers in many a nook
Without the help of Mr. Cook.

On August 14 he tells Mrs. Sale that he is 'as weak as water, deaf, and tottery, and in all ways broken down.' His weakness in the legs, which affected his general health by limiting his walks and retarding his pace, became so marked that he had to make provision for it when preaching.

Mr. Howel Lloyd sends the following reminiscences of 1888. 'On February 1 a friend, on whom Lonsdale had called in vain, said to him afterwards, "Had I seen you as we were driving in I would have asked you to bring your *pleasant-looking* friend to tea, and was sorry to have missed doing so."' Lonsdale continues: 'This pleased me, as a pleasant thing said of you redounds to my credit, and I am your friend.'

ἀλλ' οὔ τι χρή με τῷδε γαυριᾶν ἄγαν,[1]
ἐπεί τις ὢν φαιδρωπὸς εἶχε πολλάκις
ἕταιρον οὐ φαιδρωπόν, ἀλλοῖον φρένας.

In October 1888 he writes to Mr. Lloyd:—

[1] But it does not behove me to pride myself too much on this, since a pleasant-looking man is wont ofttimes to have an unpleasant-looking companion, different in mind.

We had duty in a Parish in Wiltshire [Ashley], which was a very healthy place, and the rector was a very pleasant man to deal with, and the villagers specially agreeable and capital to come to Church on the Sundays. All was in the old-fashioned unritualistic style, which suits me, old and now unfit for novelties. I have one pupil now, and another coming, and do the old Virgil for I do not know how many times. I wish I knew the Bible as well as Virgil. I treated myself to Dr. Faber's 'Creator and the Creature,' which I admire greatly. Some time ago I had a letter from dear old L., who asked me what was the best edition of Lucretius, which is an easy question, as Munro's is the best decidedly. I hope it means that he is going to use his powerful intellect against scepticism. As that wretched, gluttonous, vulgar Gambetta, the disgrace of that wretched France, had the impudence and ignorance to say, 'Le cléricalisme, c'est l'ennemi,' much more truly may it be said, 'Le scepticisme, c'est l'ennemi.' Then he tells me of our old schoolfellow E. R.'s [1] birthday, Oct. 3, when 'he was seventy-two, but he is more like forty-two,' and his pretty place Raithby (for even Lincolnshire is pretty sometimes).

Lonsdale never ceased to be interested in Eccleshall. Its church, as well as those of Holt

[1] Rev. Edward Rawnsley.

and Huntspill, he always admired. In 1889 he writes to Mrs. Sale on February 6 :—

> Your account of Eccleshall interested me exceedingly, and I am glad you, who are such a good judge, admired the Church. I have heard it said it is the finest Church in Staffordshire. I was telling Lord Grimthorpe the other day how much I loved Holt Church, though by the way I did not say 'loved,' as he would have thought it sentimental.

There were few things that Lonsdale could not put into Greek Iambics. Writing to Mr. Howel Lloyd on May 12 in this year he says, 'You will know that I am still alive and remember you,' and, as he writes, it strikes him how easily what he has just written would go into an Iambic line,

ζῶν χὠς τὸ πρόσθεν σοῦ γ' ἀεὶ μεμνημένος.

That he was free from bigotry is shown in the same letter :—

> My good and kind friend Mr. Corney, once priest at Mayfield Convent, now at Havant, wrote to me good Easter wishes. To have good wishes from such a good man and servant of Jesus Christ is something.

At the beginning of July (1889) he mentions that he had been to London to make a new Will,

and that he and Mrs. Lonsdale were very glad to be going again to Ashley. His 'preaching days' however, he says, 'are all but over. . . . Preaching makes me shake all over, but I must do a very little mild at Ashley.'

But a great trouble was in store for him. His brother-in-law and much-valued friend Mr. William Bryans, the Vicar of Tarvin, died after long failure of health. He more than any one else amused and interested Lonsdale, who deeply felt for his sister and for her numerous family. On July 25 he wrote about this sad loss :—

Weybridge : St. James's Day, 1889.

. . . . Mr. Bryans . . did indeed excel in conversation, being very bright, genial and witty, and never boring one, and he knew something about endless things. I went to the funeral at his old parish where he was thirty-four years, just half his life. There were ten of his children, with wives and husbands I mean ; six were absent. The clergyman managed all excellently, and there was an immense congregation, some coming from a good distance, one from Sheffield. One said : 'He was here thirty-four years and never made a mistake.' I for one shall have a sad miss of him, but then I am nearly seventy-three a great age. . . .

On July 29 he writes to Mr. Graves on the same subject :—

> We went to see him in May last. He looked very ill, and was very weak, but I never knew him more agreeable, and he was full of interest in all sorts of things, especially just then of his garden at Eltham, which he had greatly improved. His last illness came upon him very rapidly. He suffered much, but was very patient and humble. . . . My sister was saying to him that Christ was the only stay at such a time. 'Yes,' he said, 'Huxley is not much comfort, when one comes to this. There's not much solace in a protoplasm.' Was not this like him? . . . He had strong sense. He was much beloved and respected at Tarvin. . . . It will be a sad loss to us all, for he was such an agreeable companion.

They went to Ashley, as they intended, in August. He 'hoped,' he tells Mr. Bulmer, as the Parish work was 'very easy,' to be able to attend to it. In the same letter to Mr. Bulmer (August 19) he gives a reason for his never going to Oxford. 'I have not been there for years. It would be melancholy for me to go.'

While Lonsdale was still at Ashley, Mr. Sale asked him 'to delight his people on September 15,' when he hoped 'to hold the Harvest Service.'

'The joy,' he says, 'of your old friends will be unbounded.'

He answered on the same day that he received the letter [Aug. 28] partly in Latin verse, partly in English verse, and partly in prose. It will be observed that he manages in the following verses to decline the invitation in such a way as to give pleasure rather than disappointment :—

Ashley : August 28, 1889.

Care Gubernator, Rector qui sæpe vocaris,
Nil ego prætulerim sanus amicitiæ
Ut Bacchum veterem, veterem venerabor amicum,
Quali te juvenis, Sale, senexque fruor.

Your affectionate letter warmed the cockles of my aged heart, for I am seventy-three in October, as you were seventy-two on 26th ultimo. O my first pupil, I thank you and Mrs. Sale too for such constant kindness

. utrosque
Constanti stabiles fide.[1]

How good of you to go to the expense of a Sunday help, that we may have more of you and your wife.[2]

Laudes libenter prædicare nos juvat
Tuasque et uxoris tuæ.

[1] Compare Horace, *Od.* iii. 7, 4 : 'Constanti juvenem fide.'

[2] Mr. and Mrs. Sale were about to pay a short visit to the Lonsdales at Ashley.

With respect to trains, this seems best, I think.

1.49 Old Worcester leave,
2.38, as I believe,
(For Bradshaw never tells a lie)
Gloucester you'll see infallibly.
But sadly now my Muse complains
Of the perversity of trains,
For there alas, O fate most dreary!
You'll have to wait till you are weary,
Until 3.20; then proceed,
But not with any special speed,
To Kemble, where at 4.15
I trust a carriage will be seen,
In which I hope you'll forward dash
Until you reach ths lea of Ash [1]
Quite safely, for the coachman Mills
The one-horsed carriage never spills,
An open carriage, which I'm told
Very much luggage does not hold.

I am afraid I cannot possibly come on the 15th as you ask, for I shall have a pupil, and also my sister Lucy is coming on a visit here to us for a short time.

The Editor never found any difficulty in making Lonsdale hear, but he was said by others to be growing deaf, and on November 5, 1889, he tells Mrs. Sale, 'I am very deaf.' At any rate, his eye-

[1] Ash-ley.

sight enabled him to read and write as well as ever. 'His eye was not dim,' though 'his natural force' was 'abated.'

Early in the next year he wrote as follows:—

Weybridge: January 25, 1890.

Your letters are a great pleasure to my old age. To-day is St. Paul's Conversion. I like Saints' days. Also it is the Birthday of my excellent cousin Colonel H. Fyers, whom I think you knew a little, and who was a sort of model Christian and gentleman, such as one seldom sees. Once from Liverpool he went away by train, and I and a brother officer of his, a very fat man, went to see him off, and as the train went away with him the fat officer said: 'There goes one of the best fellows God Almighty ever took the trouble to make.' . . .

Lonsdale always made the best of misfortunes. Though they depressed him for a time, his natural good spirits gradually bubbled through them. This is one of his bubbles:—

Weybridge: February 8, 1890.

I have been ill, O Russell mine,
But not with 'Flue' or 'Agrippine;'[1]
Common domestic Bile
Kept me in bed awhile.

[1] Influenza, or Grippe.

I am out of bed again, and have had no Doctor but wife, a very good one, and a servant Martha, a very good nurse.

The following letter gives but a poor account of his own strength :—

Weybridge: April 22, 1890.

I had a kind letter from the Vicar of Lullington [1] asking me to be L.T. [if free from D.T., as I suppose], but I told him I was seventy-three, and hardly felt equal. Great age seventy-three, three years cribbed I consider. Of course seventy-three is 'laudator temporis acti;' but I do think that self-indulgence is gaining ground. Tradesmen invent many corrupting businesses.

[1] Rev. John B. Medley, son of the late Bishop of Fredericton. Lullington, a village near Frome.

CHAPTER VIII

ST. LEONARD'S—WRITES REVIEW OF NEW EDITION OF 'SABRIN AND COROLLA'—AN 'AWFULLY DECENT CHAP'—BATH—SIDMOUTH—LAST VISIT TO LICHFIELD—LINES ON FABER'S BOOK—DEATH AND BURIAL—HIS MEEKNESS AND LOWLINESS—HIS PRINTED WORKS

On leaving Weybridge,[1] where Mrs. Lonsdale had not been well for many months, they went to St. Leonard's, from which place he writes about his intended movements :—

10 The Lawn, St. Leonard's on-Sea : June 27, 1890.

. . . I wonder I can write nonsense, grieved to leave Weybridge, and my two poor sons both in different ways unwell. We are to go to Ashley (only I doubt the future at seventy-three) on August 6, for August that remains, and September total. . . . We do not mean to take a house at present.

C. V. F.[2]

[1] In a letter, written shortly before, to Mr. Bulwer, he says : 'Weybridge abounds with kind people whom it is a pity to leave.'

[2] 'Currus vetustate fractus ;' the coach broken down with old age.

He felt drawn to St. Leonard's, for he says : —

> My dear mother is buried here, and of course I have seen her grave close to the Church, where the Services are conducted in the old quiet way, which naturally suits old me best.

Nearly a month elapsed, and they were still at St. Leonard's. He gives the reason in the following letter :—

> The Lawn, St. Leonard's-on-Sea : July 22, 1890.
>
> . . . Our visit to Ashley is delayed, owing to my son's illness,[1] and I find Mr. Mynors most tolerant and obliging. I have lost my excellent friend Mr. John Pedder.[2] Three days before he died, he wrote me one of his calm clear sensible letters. He was a man of great integrity. He had a genius for mathematics, but, only being at Durham, he could only get a 1st and a fellowship. He had also a genins for sums, and added up quicker than any man I ever saw ; and as a man said the figures did not dare to add up wrong. I once behaved ill to him but he forgave me. I had looked forward to seeing him often at Bath in the autumn.

His widowed sister, Mrs. Bryans, was much in his thoughts. He mentions her to Mr. Graves in this way :

[1] Bernard. [2] Of Somerset Place, Bath.

2 Sussex Villas, Weybridge: June 17, 1890.

. . . There must be many . . who will rejoice at your honour.[1] Amongst these will be my dear sister Sophy, of whom you speak so kindly. . . She is now at Eltham; she finds it too big, now all her sons are married (all happily) and my sister is one who likes small places and small ways; but the children all wanted her to stay, and you know, it is written now, Parents obey your children. My nephew lately a schoolmaster said: 'It's altered now, Uncle; the masters learn their lessons, and say them to the boys.'

To be nearer their son, Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale stayed at a farmhouse, which he thus deseribes to the artistic Mrs. Sale:—

Limden Farm, Ticehurst, Hawkhurst: August 4, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Sale,—. . . This place is in a deep valley, so lonely one expects to meet, tell Sale,

Panaque Sylvanumque senem.

Nevertheless at the little Church here were numbers of people, and a great lot at the Sacrament. The Squire is greatly beloved; he is very low Church, and we had two sermons about conversion, and black gown, and not a bit of eastward position, no not at the Creed; all nice

[1] The Honorary Degree of LL.D. conferred by the University of Dublin.

and low, suitable to my low opinions, for I am the lowest of the low in a lowly valley. Do not tell the Hebraist curate I wish I knew Hebrew like he does. I know one or two Psalms by heart in Hebrew, and it's a great pleasure. There is no poetry like our English Prayer-book version of the Psalms. . . . .

The owner of our old place has dismissed our gardener . . and Mrs. Lonsdale has been and put in two advertisements (1st) in 'Field' (2nd) in 'Times.' Mrs. Lonsdale has a gift for writing such things.

'brevis esse laborat,'
Nec tamen obscura est; præceptaque temnit Horati
Incolumis mulier.

Was not dear old Sale my first pupil? . . . Tell Sale that my dear mother's tomb looked nice before I left, but I fear the situation is against it. The overhanging bough was lopped off. . . .

Did we tell you what Bernard's Bath-chairman said to him about the sea being deep? 'You see, sir, how it rises; so of course it's deep.' . . . .

Now I am houseless—

(ἄοικος ἀστέγαστος, ἐκπλανωμενος,[1]

[1] Houseless, roofless, a wandering outcast

tell Sale). I have no house to dread to return to.

'Campestres melius Scythæ,'[1]

tell Sale. At any rate I covet no man's house, so go to morning service self-justified like the Pharisee.

On October 22, 1890, there appeared in 'The Guardian' Lonsdale's admirable Review of the fourth edition of the 'Sabrinæ Corolla,' that excellent compendium of the best classical versification of Shrewsbury men. Dr. Henry Holden, the Editor, mentions the 'very considerable part' taken by Lonsdale in helping to edit it and make it public. Dr. Holden inserted this Review in the copy which he gave to both of his old schools, Uppingham and Durham, to make it more enticing to 'alumnis iis quibus Musæ Græcæ et Latinæ cordi sunt.'

Lonsdale had the power of changing rapidly from grave to gay, and the reverse.

On hearing that he had been called by my younger son an 'Awfully decent Chap,' he wrote to him :—

December 6, 1890.

See one who from afar inspires with awe ;
But when he'd nearer draw,
Decent he is ; then when our back he'd slap,
Behold he'll be a Chap.

[1] Horace, *Od.* iii. 24, 9.

The same inverted.

First in a bathos we descend ;
Then upwards back we tend.

A Common Chap you'll meet
In any lane or street ;
With him you'd laugh and joke ;
E'en in the ribs you'd poke.
But in these ages recent
You'll meet a Chap that's decent.
Who knows ? a chap decorous
Perhaps at times may bore us.
But o'er my soul is stealing
A solemn fearful feeling ;
O'erwhelmed with dread I see
Chaps Decent Awfully.

It was in 1890 that he wrote of his friend, Dr. Henry Holden, the following description :—

Dr. Holden I have known fifty-seven years. He was great (1) in Greek Iambics, (2) in opening oysters—

Græcis Iambis dicere quidlibet
Callebat unus, nec minus ostrea
Cultro recludebat peritus,
Præpetibus citiore pennis.

Which may be roughly translated—

In Greek Iambics, eminently clever,
Well could he render anything whatever.

Nor less expert his knife to penetrate,
Quicker than bird, an oyster's tight-shut gate.

The new year found Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale still in Bath, which suited them both and where they already had several friends. Lonsdale had a great respect for the late Mr. Pinder, on whom he wrote some verses, sending them in his humility to the Editor, whose own verses he had often himself looked over.

19 Brock Street, Bath: January 1 (evening), 1891.

. . . I am making a few verses in Latin on Mr. John Pinder, formerly the Principal of Wells Theological College, which I wish to send to his nephew the Rev. North Pinder, who has lately lost his aged mother, and perhaps you will kindly look them over. Bishop Bagot once said to me of Mr. John Pinder: 'Never saw such a man, why his very tail coat does me good.' Mr. J. Pinder always wore tail coats. He was a very neat man. Nulla macula inerat viro neque veste neque moribus.

On January 21 he ends a letter to Mr. Sale with a Sapphic stanza, though not such as he would have commended in the case of a Pupil. He had heard that his nephew Edward Bryans at his Living, Quedgeley in Gloucestershire, had been

suffering from want of water, and that Mr. Peake had also suffered, and that they had not had enough to drink. Mrs. Lonsdale had prudently laid in a stock of Apollinaris. 'Then,' he writes, 'it will be said of us

> Nos simul potamus Apollinarem.
> Laurea est donandus Apollinaris.[1]
> En aquæ succedit apollinaris
> Deficienti.'

On the 31st he moralises thus: 'We must not expect much after seventy. We have no right. All that we get now after seventy is as it were cribbed out of eternity.'

At the beginning of March they went for change of air to Sidmouth, where they came in for a blizzard and were both unwell, but Mrs. Lonsdale far the worst of the two. He was able however to go to St. Alban's[2] for two nights, 'where it was happily very quiet.'

On May 9, 1891, in a letter to Mr. Sale he says, 'We have taken 6 Queen's Parade, Bath, and expect to get in pretty soon. The house is already being prepared.' He then uses these remarkable

[1] Horace, *Od.* iv. 2, 9. 'Laurea donandus Apollinari.'

[2] To his brother-in-law Lord Grimthorpe's house, close to St. Alban's.

words: 'It seems hardly worth while at seventy-four getting a house, for I feel weak and shaky; however, I hope it may suit Mrs. Lonsdale, *when I'm gone, which I rather expect will be ere long.*'

He had been asked by Mr. Sale to take part in some clerical duty at Holt, but he writes from 19 Brock Street, Bath, on June 23, that he certainly should have gone if he had not been stopped by 'obstinate nose-bleeding.' He was 'grieved' that he could 'not help such kind old friends because of his "nasal woes."' He goes on to say, 'I have just been to call on a worthy old clergyman here, who was once curate to the famous Jack Russell. This worthy clergyman is paralysed now, but very cheerful. He can do no duty himself now.'

Though cold weather best suited Mr. Lonsdale, yet he was able to some extent to enjoy this his last summer on earth. He wrote to the Editor:—

19 Brock Street, Bath: July 20, 1891.

I saw Mr. Peake yesterday, wonderful for nearly eighty-seven, as placid as ever. His garden is white with white lilies. He likes the idea of coming to your party. Mrs. Peake is too deaf, she says; and so am I, but I can see and be seen, though not worth the latter. I send

the Collect for the week.[1] Good Bishop Wilson says truly we ought to be thankful to those whom God employs to let one know one is of little importance; so then I ought to like our mover of furniture, for he has treated me in a way that reminds me of a don at Oxford, whose lectures an undergraduate cut; so the don sent for him, and said, 'Sir, you have treated me with *ὕβρις, αἰκία, ἐπήρεια, προπηλακισμός*.'[2]

The City authorities have destroyed the low wall in front of Queen's Parade. Low walls, when ancient, are picturesque, I think. Mrs. Peake told me of the brother or sister of her little dog, who has learnt many tricks, one of which is to nurse the baby of the house.

σοφὸς κύων, ὃς ἀγκαλίζεται βρέφος.[3]

On August 1 he expresses most warmly his gratitude to his sister-in-law for her letter to him:

Dear Sarah,—How shall I thank you for your most affectionate letter, which made the cockles of my old heart quite cocky. . . .? Who am I, that I should have such a charming letter? I hope it did not bother your eyes to write it. It does one good to get such a letter in a cold world, for it is cold this morning. . . . To-day I

[1] Lonsdale used for some time to send to the Editor a rendering of the Collect for the week in Greek Iambics in exchange for one in Latin Alcaics.

[2] Insult, outrage, contumely, bespatterment.

[3] Clever dog, to nurse the baby.

had a charming letter from Sophy, in which is a mixture of fun and pathos :—

> Your heartiness we largely praise.
> May you and John have happy days
> At Cefnfaes !

Bernard studies Bradshaw now with increased pleasure, though it is his favourite book always.

During all this time Lonsdale was far from well. He writes on August 14 that he had 'been very ailing of late, strength failing, and then a baddish attack of diarrhœa.' 'But,' he adds, 'I must not complain, for I am better than most of my age, and I have a Bath-chair.' His next sentence is amusing. 'The number of old parsons here is awful : we are not a pretty lot in our old age.'

The Editor heard from him at that time :—

September, 1891.

> Willy very kindly called yesterday, and was very good company, and looked well. I much hope you and Mrs. R. Duckworth and all will enjoy the rivers two.[1]
>
> *ὅθι Δορκέτρου ἐγγὺς*
> *Θάμιος ἠδ' Ἴσις συμβάλλετον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ.*[2]

The Thame at Dorchester, Oxon, is only a mile from the Isis. Together they became Thame-Isis = Thamesis = Thames.

Where near Dorchester the Thame and the Isis unite their mighty waters.

The answer to the French riddle was 'murmure,' as I was told. 'My first and second are exactly like, My whole sounds soft, but causes oft a strike.' Murmur in English has no 'e,' as I believe it has in French. But I'm no Frenchman, as my father used to tell of an old Cambridge don, who said when my father was young: 'We landed at a place called, I'm no Frenchman, Bowlogknee.' Diarrhœa permitting, I go away to-morrow to visit Mrs. Lonsdale's nice sister in Leicestershire. I liked the honest look of Willy's patient yellow dog. To-day I received a present of the 7th book of Thucydides, done by Hubert Holden, with an introduction and notes of all sorts and indices; it is sure to be very good. . . . My classical nephew C. Bryans means to call his boy Julius, as it is a good name for Iambics. Pronounce it not Julīus, as in the story. Man in a boat, other man on landing-stage shouts out: 'I say, Timotheus, your father's dead.' 'Well, if I ain't as sorry, Julīus, as four dollars. . . .'

On receiving a long letter from Mr. Sale he cries out in Greek on September 26:—

οὐδὲν οἷον εὐθέως ἀποκρίνασθαι, ἐπεὶ οὔπω γε, ὡς οἶμαι, τοσαύτην ἐπιστολὴν ἐμοί γε σὺ ἔγραψας· διότι σοὶ πολλὴν ἤδη χάριν οἶδα, γηθόσυνος λίαν

περὶ σοῦ καὶ σῆς ἀλόχου, ὅθεν τὸ τοῦ ποιητοῦ γίγνεται σήμερον·

ἔφριξ' ἔρωτι, περιχαρὴς δ' ἀγάλλομαι.[1]

Mrs. Lonsdale also is very glad, and Martha too our kind servant, whom you will remember at Ashley. Miracles will never cease, neither here nor at Trèves, for you never wrote, I think, such a long letter before. I will follow its guidance in my inferior reply,

meliora secutus,
Non dubito tali quin duce tutus eam.

He evidently thought that his end was drawing near, for on October 1, after thanking his sister-in-law and his brother and his niece Sophy for wishing 'to have us in November,' he adds:—

I'll come, if I can, *for it may be the last chance.* It is doubtful, as I am persecuted with diarrhœa, which seems almost chronic with me now. . . . You will have seen . . how Theodore Thring and old Mrs. Thring died within two days, and a few miles, of one another. As the Bath Paper truly says, there was something very kindly about Theodore Thring's manner; and he

[1] Nothing like answering immediately, for I suppose you never wrote so long a letter to me. So I am very grateful to you, and extremely rejoiced about you and your wife. Wherefore the saying of the poet[2] comes true to-day:—

'I was thrilled with love, and I exult with exceeding joy.'

[2] Æsch. *Ag.* 693.

seemed so wishful to please and so glad to see one. He and Lyttelton and I were the three head boys, he 'the Captain,' so too always called; we three, Captain, Stony, Jambo. Captain and Stony gone; Jambo still left. . . .

At the end of October (1891) he went with Mrs. Lonsdale to pay a visit to his Brother and his sister-in-law at Lichfield. The latter writes after his death about this visit as follows:—

He was not at all well but got better while he was at Lichfield. I fully believe that he thought it was his last visit. I was asked who was that beautiful old man in a fur coat,[1] who came to Church every morning. When they went back to Bath, my husband and I followed them there and were in lodgings close to their house for three weeks. . . . I never saw my dear brother-in-law again. As he wrote to me about his mother, 'How much pleasanter it is to think of him than to talk with others!' Our warm friendship was never interrupted.

On the day after his last Christmas Day, he wrote to Mr. Sale:—

I never had so many friends afflicted as I

[1] This brown fur coat suited him admirably. He would never have gone to the expense of it himself. It was given him by Mrs. George Butler, widow of the Canon of Winchester, to whom the coat belonged. Both he and Mrs. Butler were dear friends of James Lonsdale.

have now. This is the lot of old age. I hope you and Mrs. Sale will have a happy visit at old Lichfield, quite a Lonsdalian city in its way. . . . Our frost has been awful here, the wind and rain, but to-day quite calm and beautiful.

On the death of his old friend Archdeacon Norris, who himself delighted in a chat with Lonsdale, he writes :—

6 Queen's Parade, Bath : December 30, 1891.

Dear Bulmer,— . . . To-day I feel sadly out of spirits, having just read of the death of Archdeacon Norris. He was a learned and good man, very industrious and a most kind friend to me in all sorts of ways, and I had known him for more than forty years. I was co-examiner with him to Bishop Fraser, and his good sister lived at Weybridge, and there I would often see him. He died just after he was appointed Dean of Chichester. He had been long practically Dean at Bristol. I had begun a congratulation to him, when Mrs. Lonsdale told me of his death. I cannot say I am much astonished at John Bulmer joining the Church of Rome ; but I am more astonished that you 'cannot see the weak points of Protestantism'—they seem to me very evident ; but then the Church of Rome has weak points, and as my sister Miss Lonsdale well said, 'He who changes Churches changes faults.' . . . At seventy-

five, and but ailing, I am not up to much outing. In the summer I went to two houses, and was ill at both by bad diarrhœa, and I have a sort of mild dysentery about me. . . . The Abbey services are evangelical. I think I like low best.

He wrote to the Editor the next day on the same subject:—

Last day of the year 1891.

How many kind letters and pleasing verses and cunning conundrums I have had from you in 1891, I cannot tell, *ὅσα χάρματα ἐμοίγε ἔδωκας σύ, τίς ἂν φράσαι ;*[1] but at present I can chiefly only think of Archdeacon Norris. I had begun to congratulate him on the Deanery of Chichester, when Mrs. Lonsdale told me from the paper of his death. The last time he called here he was talking of Mr. Skrine, and what a good man he was. The Archdeacon himself was a very good man, and a learned theologian, and wonderfully industrious, and had but a weakish body to do such a vast lot of all sorts. He and I used to examine for Bishop Fraser ; Mrs. Fraser will grieve for him ; and his poor sister at Weybridge will grieve for him.

On the same day he wrote to Mr. Howel Lloyd about Archdeacon Norris, calling him 'a man very good to me . . but had a weak body,

[1] 'How many pleasures thou hast given me, who can say?

which he wore out. So friends,' he added, 'pass away. May God spare you!'

One of his first letters in 1892 was to his widowed sister Mrs. Bryans, to whom he tries to write as cheerily as he can :—

> To-morrow is your birthday, very different from the day when Mr. Hamilton dressed up as Pickwick. Still I do not like to break through the rule of writing on it, and embrace the occasion to thank you, and, yes, the absent William also, for many kindnesses to me. You are not to answer it, for you will have, I expect, lots of letters to write. I hope it will find you rather better, and the burn better. I will try to be as cheerful as I can in the letter, for as Win[1] says, it is a duty to be cheerful, and she acts up to what she says. . . . You see I avoid dismals, for as says Æschylus, 'It is not seemly to profane a happy day with words of ill omen.' . . . Another Lesson to-day was the tower of Babel. How curious 'Go to' in it is, thrice repeated! In Hebrew of exhorting, 'Come! come on! come now!' . . . I have avoided dismals, unless Babel be dismal.

Of Bath and its inhabitants Mr. Lonsdale thought highly. 'If you do not like hills,' he said, 'you can walk in Pulteney Street, which is as flat

[1] His sister Lady Grimthorpe.

as a flounder. There are a lot of very nice people at Bath, of one sort or another.'

On February 2 he heard from Rev. H. W. Moss, Head-master of Shrewsbury School, to whom he had sent a copy of his 'Recipe or Hints for Writing Latin Prose' in return for Mr. Moss's most beautiful Latin Elegiac translation of part of Matthew Arnold's 'Tristram and Iseult.' After thanking him, Mr. Moss says, 'I shall make some of my sixth form boys commit it to memory.[1] I only wish that they would be guided by its excellent directions.'

On March 9 he writes :—

> It seems to me I never had so many deaths to remind me of my latter end, but as Juvenal says neatly,
>
> Hæc data pœna diu viventibus.
>
> Around me there is *πᾶσα ἰδέα θανάτου*, 'plurima mortis imago.'[2] Since the death of dear Miss Stewart, I have lost a very kind good cousin.

The following letter he dates from 'England,' as he was writing to the Editor in the South of France.

> 6 Queen's Parade, Bath, England : Tuesday, March 15, 1892.
>
> As you kindly ask me to write, I do so,

[1] Lonsdale's own memory was most remarkable. He seemed never to forget what he read.

[2] Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 369.

though I have a doubt whether the letter will ever get 'to the far end,' as the man said who gave money to convert the 'Chineses.' . . . The weather here has been something awfully cold and piercing, N.E. and N.W. winds, but I must say the sun has been bright. To-day it is raining and the wind is full S. The great strike seems to cast a great gloom over the land; but, if the weather is warmer, the poor will suffer less, which is a comfort. . . . I hope you are all refreshed. No doubt you sit out. I tried it in the Park here and soon shivered. . . . I hope Mrs. R. Duckworth likes 'dear abroad.' 'Where is she or he?' said some one. 'Oh, I don't know, somewhere in dear abroad.' Don't go to Rome. Lots of people who go to Rome get ill, or even die. I hope Susan is refreshing; I do not use the word technically. 'Gardens have suffered horrible things lately,' a gardener said yesterday.

Writing to Mrs. Bryans on April 7, he allows that he finds old age dull. He tries, however, by anecdotes to keep his sister from finding it dull.

. . . Never do I remember such weather at this time of the year before. One said, the climate of England had become much colder; but all this is a mystery, and as William [Bryans] said, 'One knows nothing about anything.' I saw an old retired Schoolmistress here, who

. said, 'I believe in Scripture and sewing.' A girl in my school delighted the Inspector by her grammar, and he said, 'She is a thorough grammarian.' Then he went, and the children went to play, and I heard the girl talking utterly bad English. An old fellow said to me, 'It's a beautiful world, but there's a rough lot in it.' Also he said, 'Do you know, I've had three wives, but the Almighty was so fond of them, he took them all.' A woman said to me, 'I goes to the early Sacrament, but I'm no Christian.' Ways speak louder than words. . . . I miss Miss Stewart's letters sadly. Holden says he does not find old age dull. I do. Miss Stewart has left me some Spanish and Italian books. The words of Fernan[1] are very beautiful and religious, but I prefer Miss Stewart's letters. Nice letters are better than books, a deal fresher. . . .

Four days later, Lonsdale wrote for the last time to the Editor, who was about to return to England and looked forward with the greatest pleasure to seeing him again, little thinking that he would not then be alive.

6 Queen's Parade, Bath: April 9, 1892.

. . . What a lot of people in Bath seem to live by standing in the street with their hands in pockets and pipes in mouth! The weather

[1] Fernan Caballero.

even in this England is still splendid, though not quite so divine as it was. . . . The contentment of poor people living in dirty dusky streets is wonderful. They'll have their good things hereafter, these Lazari and Lazar, inter 'amœna vireta Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque quietas.[1] . . . Dr. Holden, of Balliol once, likes the two 'Hints.'[2]

Shortly before his death Lonsdale had read through Dr. Hubert Holden's edition of Thucydides, for which Dr. Holden thanks him as for 'a very great honour.'

Faber's 'The Creator and the Creature' was one of the last books which he was reading. With many passages he showed his sympathy by pencil-marks. In the following verses he appears to have embodied his chief impressions of the book and particularly of the following passage :—

'Of the thousands of souls . . . immersed in . . . mortal sin, is there one whom a whole multitude of . . . graces is not soliciting to return to God? O such . . . thoughts of future punishment . . . such solemn eloquence of the deaths of those we love . . . such alternations of crosses and consolations! . . . All these, with a very clamour of assaulting armies, now

[1] Virg. *Æn.* vi. 638.

[2] *Hints for Latin Prose*, and *Hints for Latin Verse*.

with low soft . . . pleadings, are the forces of actual grace which have never been drawn off from before the gates of the heart, however long they may have been obstinately barred against God by a countless garrison of mortal sins.'

Quando scelera castellum
Cordis tenent, ecce bellum
  Castris Deus intulit.
Acer ille tum bellator,
Ille fortis oppugnator
  Mentem metu terruit.

At Cor inquit, cur turbare
Vis quieta? quid, amare [1]
  Hostis, sic increpitas?
Certe te non exquirebam;
Pacis artibus studebam;
  Ultro me sollicitas.

Deus milites instruxit;
Imperator suos duxit
  Ingruentes mœnibus,
Quorum portæ stant securæ,
Nempe credunt restituræ
  Talibus militibus.

[1] See Virgil, *Æn.* x. 900: 'Hostis amare, quid increpitas?'

Quales illi? vis morborum
Forsitan vel vicinorum
  Immatura funera;
Voces forsitan paternæ
Sive lacrymæ maternæ
  Flentes nostra scelera;

Vel imago mortuorum
Sive monitus vivorum,
  Ipsa conscientia
Judicans improbitatem,
Arguens cupiditatem,
  Vana turbans otia.

Multas spes et multas minas,
Vel humanas vel divinas,
  Deus prudens addidit;
Terrenorum vanitatem,
Carnis imbecillitatem,
  Olim lapsa docuit.

Multa profert variata,
Sive mœsta sive grata,
  Deus mundi conditor;
Ita per hæc operatur,
Ut rebelle cor vincatur,
  Deus Christi genitor.

At, Cor, portis reseratis
Quid moraris? Rex Cælestis,
  Ille jure Dominus,
Qui non vincit in domando
At orando, supplicando,
  Mitis et benevolus.

Dei lex et justa norma,
Tum pendentis Christi forma,
  Cruce scelus expiat.
Idem spei nobis fulcrum,
Rumpens lugubre sepulcrum,
  Cunctos unus judicat.

His last letter to his sister Mrs. Bryans was written only twelve days before his death. It is just like him to show his sympathy by his way of alluding to her husband's death and thus to try to cheer her by an anecdote :—

6 Queen's Parade, Bath : April 13.

Thank you for so enlivening my dulness and senile inertness. Certainly you have the art of writing pleasant letters. . . . I am seventy-five. . . . William was indeed a bright companion, and life must seem very different and slow without him. . . . An Irish bull yesterday amused me: 'There'll never be an end put to these suicides till they make it a capital offence, punishable with death.' . . . Mrs. Sale told me

a good story. A clergyman saw a smart lady in the streets and said, 'I think I know your face.' She said, 'Yes, sir; I'm your housemaid.' I heard yesterday from Frank Coltman. It so brought back old days, which seem a long way off, and Mr. Johnson of Queen's said to me once 'Life is very long.' . . .

In Lonsdale's weak state of health, very little was enough to rob him of his remaining strength. Merely a chill, for want of a greatcoat, was the approximate cause of his death. It was caught on Palm Sunday, April 10, 1892, as he was walking home from the house of his father-in-law, about a mile and a quarter distant from his own home in Queen's Parade.

Internal inflammation came on. He thought he should recover and said, 'I don't feel very bad,' and seemed rather surprised when his wife suggested their receiving the Holy Communion on Sunday (24th), and said, 'Would it not be better to put it off a little?' but afterwards said, 'Very well, if you wish it.' The next day (St. Mark's, his favourite Evangelist) she read him the Gospel of the day, and he said, 'It was a shame they did not choose a Gospel out of St. Mark's own Gospel.' Those were the things that interested him, not creature comforts or dis-

comforts. Later on in the day other bad symptoms set in and he began to wander, but he said nothing but what was good and nice in his wanderings. He talked of Lichfield Cathedral; then fell asleep and died quite easily in his sleep at eight in the evening [April 25].

His wife, his son Bernard, his brother, and two of his sisters were with him at the last. He had gone to that rest which remaineth for the people of God. He had borne without murmuring fifty years of poor health, and now he was free from pain for evermore. Who can be so unkind to him as to wish him back again? May we go to him, for he shall not return to us!

The funeral was at Locksbrook Cemetery, and the grave on the high ground overlooking some of the prettiest scenery near Bath. The service was read by his vicar, the Rev. T. L. Sissmore, and there were present his widow and his elder son, his brother, his three sisters, four of his nephews (sons of Mrs. Bryans), his father-in-law Rev. J. R. Peake, his brothers-in-law, and other friends. The sun shone and the birds sang over the grave, as if bidding us rejoice that he was taken from the earth, to which we were committing only that part of him which was

dead. His real self is alive and calls to us to follow.

In Mr. Drummond's 'Pax Vobiscum'[1] the chief causes of Unrest are stated to be Pride, Selfishness, and Ambition; and the chief causes of Rest to be Meekness and Lowliness. No wonder that James Lonsdale, though so active in mind, was at rest in soul. He had learnt of Christ to be meek and lowly in heart, and Christ had according to His promise given him rest. Well does Mr. Drummond ask :—

> As you look back upon the past years of your life, is it not true that its unhappiness has chiefly come from the succession of personal mortifications and almost trivial disappointments which the intercourse of life has brought you? Great trials (as he says) come at lengthened intervals, and we rise to breast them; but it is the petty friction of our every-day life with one another, the jar of business or of work, the discord of the domestic circle, the collapse of our ambition, the crossing of our will, the taking down of our conceit, which make inward peace impossible. Wounded vanity, then, disappointed hopes, unsatisfied selfishness—these are the old, vulgar, universal sources of man's unrest. . . .

[1] Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row, 1890.

> The ceaseless chagrin of a self-centred life can be removed at once by learning Meekness and Lowliness of heart. . . . He who learns them . . . lives henceforth a charmed life. Water rests only when it gets to the lowest place. So do men. Hence, be lowly. The man who has no opinion of himself at all can never be hurt if others do not acknowledge him. He who is without expectation cannot fret if nothing comes to him. The lowly man and the meek man are really above all other men, above all other things.[1] They dominate the world because they do not care for it. The miser does not possess gold ; gold possesses him. But the meek possess it. 'The meek inherit the earth.'

This seems to express very accurately the secret of the peace with which Mr. Lonsdale faced both life and death. He had found the Rest of a

> 'mind at leisure from itself; the perfect poise of the soul; the absolute adjustment of the inward man to the stress of all outward things; the preparedness against every emergency; the stability of assured convictions; the eternal calm of an invulnerable faith; the repose of a heart set deep in God.'

His published works are very few, consisting

[1] 'Major sum quam cui possit Fortuna nocere.'

of sixty-six translations into Greek and Latin Verse in Holden's Folia Silvulæ, 1870. 'The Works of Virgil, rendered into English Prose, with Introductions, running analysis, notes, and index,' by Lonsdale and Samuel Lee,[1] Latin Lecturer at University College, London: 1871, Macmillan & Co., 1890, reprinted eleven times. 'The Works of Horace,' by Lonsdale and Samuel Lee, 1873, Macmillan & Co., 1890, reprinted seven times. 'Dawson W. Turner, a Memoir:' Gibbons, Liverpool, 1891. 'Death and the Doctor,' a Poem: North, Oatlands, Surrey, 1890. 'Hints for Latin Prose,' first published as 'Recipe for making Latin Prose:' Hetherington. 'Hints for Latin Verse,' by J. G. L. and R. D.: Hetherington, 1891. 'Latin Epitaph on Archdeacon Allen.' 'Critique on Sabrinæ Corolla,' 4th edition: 'The Guardian,' October 22, 1890, &c., &c.

This alone would be evidence, if any were needed, that Lonsdale never expected his Life to be written. He never wrote for effect. His style was simple almost to a fault, since he avoided using any expression, however appropriate, that could give the impression of pedantry. He cared

[1] Barrister-at-Law, died April 14, 1892, eleven days before Lonsdale.

nothing for the sound of his sentences. His only wish was to express shortly and clearly what he had to say. His letters were always simple and kind, and, if he thought any of them dull, he would finish with some anecdote or couplet or anything that would be amusing. In answering a letter he never failed to notice all the points in which his correspondent seemed interested, but unless specially asked he hardly mentioned his own affairs; he was too modest to suppose that they would be equally interesting to other people.

CHAPTER IX

HIS CHARACTER—LETTERS TO HIS WIDOW—REMINISCENCES BY DEAN GOULBURN, DR. HORNBY, REV. W. BULMER, LORD GRIMTHORPE, PROFESSOR JOWETT, AND MR. CLEMENT BRYANS—LINES BY LONSDALE ON THE BELL SCHOLARSHIP—EPITAPHS TO HIS MEMORY IN THE CHAPELS OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, BALLIOL, AND ETON—SPECIMENS OF HIS ENGLISH, LATIN, AND GREEK POETRY

It was sometimes said of Mr. Lonsdale that he was eccentric. So were the Apostles. So is every one that takes the Bible as literally as possible, and makes it, and not Custom, the guide of his life.

So also it was said of him that he was boyish. It was well for him that he was so. It endeared him to the young, whom it was his great delight to teach. He enjoyed their jokes and added to their fun, while he kept both within bounds. Besides, it is our Eton character to be boyish through life; possibly too much so; but surely it is better

to look on the bright side of things and turn the edge of troubles with a laugh. If not carried to a selfish extreme, there is wisdom in the old Eton adage, 'What's the odds, so long as you're happy?' Eton hates priggishness and humbug and sentimentality, but is too apt to slur over subjects which require much thought. No one could have accused Lonsdale of being a prig. He took pains to hide his knowledge. The Editor had known him fifty years before he found out that he was an Italian, a Spanish, and a Hebrew Scholar. Humbug he detested, long words, obscure sentences hiding a lack of knowledge, hypocrisy. He was simple in his habits, simple in his speech, simple in his thoughts. He thought clearly and therefore taught clearly. Sincere himself, he won sincerity from almost every one. Affectionate himself, he won affection from all. With his Pupils he was patient, good-tempered, punctual, industrious, never slow and never in a hurry; commanding respect without exacting it, correcting mistakes without hurting the feelings, keenly interested in their work, learning himself from the dictionary. No wonder that they enjoyed their lessons with him; he was a fellow-learner and a very delightful one.

His mind was ever at work. When not

engaged on duty, to which he always gave the first place, he found his pleasure in composition. He was essentially a ποιητής, a composer. He might have made a name for himself by his compositions alone. His 'Life of Dawson W. Turner' marks him as a master of style, and the easy flow of his verses, whether English, Greek, or Latin, show him to have been a master of the art of poetry. His only fault was a slight disregard of rhythm, owing partly to a want of ear for music, but much more to his regard for accuracy of translation. The quaintness of his English poems must often bring back the memory of George Herbert, and his Greek Iambics are particularly happy. There was hardly anything that he could not put into an Iambic. He might have said of himself as Ovid said,

'Quicquid tentabam scribere, versus erat.'

Shortly after his uncle's death, Mr. Clement Bryans wrote to his widowed aunt a touching letter, acknowledging how very much he owed to his uncle. Together with the letter he sent three Sonnets, one of which is given as a specimen :—

Ah ! what a touching sight it was to see
The dear old books, each in the self-same place,[1]
Turning a mute but sad inquiring face
For the familiar touch ! What misery
Was in the table's circle, where erst we
Had learnt through him the tortuous way to trace,
And gained from him the strength to run the race
In learning's steep and dark philosophy !
O all ye brother Scholars, pay a tear
To our lost Master ! Hush'd is that lov'd voice,
So patient, tender ;—cold the hand, whose pen
Scored its quaint music for the absent ear.
Yet weep not, O my brothers—nay, rejoice—
In hope that we from him may learn again !

His friend Dr. Leary was struck with his 'fund of anecdote' and his 'most attractive style of narrative.' He says of him :—

> I have seen much of the world, and many men in many ranks of life, from the highest to the lowest, but I can say with absolute truth, I never met a man who combined so many gifts and graces of the highest order, which, had he been ambitious, would have carried him to the highest positions of Church and State, especially with his advantages of influential personal friends and connections. But . . he used to say, with the quiet gentle sweet smile . . . 'I am no swell.' His only ambition was to please God. He never coveted the praise of man. He

[1] In his study, wherever he made his home.

loathed pomp and parade and the hollow homage of the world. . . . The world is indeed poorer by the loss of such a man, so noble, so pure, so gifted, and so generous in principle and in action. If ever a man's failings . . leaned to virtue's side, his certainly did. I can only say I have lost my best and my most gifted friend, whom I loved with the deepest affection for his . . . remarkable kindness to me.

The Rev. C. H. Brown, on hearing of Lonsdale's death, wrote immediately to Mrs. Bryans, giving his impression of him as an examiner and as a companion :—

April 27, 1892.

. . . . . .

It was my good fortune to come across Mr. Lonsdale more than once as an Examiner in the course of my Schoolmaster days, and he always spoke so kindly and highly of my 'Forms' that I have, if I may say so, an *affectionate* remembrance of him. I met him when I was a ''prentice hand' at teaching in Edinboro' Academy. I met him in the same capacity at Ipswich, later on, and in the interval I tried very hard to get him to examine a school in London, where I was a master (but he was engaged). *My* 'Form boys' used to like him so much (and so did the others) that they used to say, 'I hope that same gentleman will come again this year,

Do you think he will, sir? *we can* ANSWER *him.*' There's a *lot* in those words 'we can *answer him.*' And the secret of it lay in a remark which he once made to me and which I've never forgotten (and have acted upon as an Examiner myself). 'You see, Mr. Brown, ANY stupid person can find out what a boy *doesn't* know; the thing is to find out what he DOES know.'

His friend the Rev. R. P. Graves, LL.D., a man older than himself, is not ashamed to confess how much he owed to his intercourse with Mr. Lonsdale :—

1 Winton Road, Dublin: May 2, 1892.

My dear Mrs. Bryans,—You will know, I think, how deeply I have been affected by the news of the death of my friend, your brother James. I loved him so much that I could almost call him *my* brother. We were friends from that old Windermere time, now about fifty years behind us, and I felt then, as I have continued to feel ever since, that I owed to him more of precious benefit to my inmost being, more knowledge of the true Christian spirit, than to any man I ever met.

Our intercourse at Bowness was so free and brotherly that I believe we knew each other thoroughly and were conscious of the same aims, though I always deeply felt how much he was my superior in the spontaneousness of his good-

ness, in the charm of his perfect simplicity and unselfishness, in his intellectual powers and accomplishments. The possession of him as a friend I have always looked upon as one of the greatest blessings of my life, and I am happy in the thought that the most transient cloud never dimmed its brightness. . . .

I feel so deeply that I shall never again receive one of his charming letters. . . .—Ever most truly yours,

R. P. GRAVES.

Canon Duckworth most fully appreciated the simplicity and disinterestedness of his good old Tutor. He writes thus from

Blois, France: April 30, 1892.

Dear Mrs. Lonsdale,—I have just received with deep sorrow the news that your dear husband, my revered old friend and tutor, has been taken from you, and I hasten to offer you my most heartfelt sympathy in your loss. I cannot however express to you the life-long admiration and affection which I have felt for your husband, nor my sense of what I owe to his teaching and example. He has always seemed to me one of the 'salt of the earth,' a man of the highest honour and the most transparent simplicity, chivalrous beyond any character I have ever known in his self-effacement and disinterested-

ness, and 'unspotted by the world,' if ever any human being was.

Though in my busy life it has been impossible for me to see much of him for many years, I have never ceased to love him and to think of him with gratitude and veneration, and I shall cherish his memory as a very sacred thing while life lasts. May God comfort you and yours in your great sorrow! It will be shared by many true hearts.

Of his child-like humility and gentleness the Rev. W. B. Money, Rector of Weybridge, speaks in a few telling words :—

Vigo House, Weybridge: May 26, 1892.

Dear Mrs. Lonsdale,—. . . His was such an utterly unique loveliness of character. If ever any one had become as a little child and so entered the kingdom of Heaven, he had. And no one could know him for ever so short a time without feeling they had been privileged to know one of the most lovely characters. I shall never forget all his gentle goodness to me while you lived here. . . .—Yours most sincerely,

WALTER B. MONEY.

Ex-Dean Goulburn wrote more fully and brought out very clearly several points in Lonsdale's character :—

Bella Vista, Tunbridge Wells: May 23, 1892.

My dear Canon Lonsdale,—I am afraid I have no sufficient materials to enable me to do as you request, much as I should wish to contribute my mite towards the Memoir of one so justly loved and esteemed as your Brother was by all who knew him. I should say that any Memoir of James Lonsdale which did not notice his humour—quaint and *unconventional* (as everything in him was), not a particle of cynicism in it, but bubbling over with fun and good-nature—would omit one of the main features of his character. . . . Absolute innocuousness seemed to me to be another feature of his character. I suppose he never said an unkind word, or thought an unkind thought, of any one in his life. It was not that he restrained himself from this evil speaking and evil thinking by an effort (as other good men do) and as an exercise of virtue; but *it simply wasn't in him* to speak unkindly or think unkindly of any one. Such speech and thought *would have been out of his character.* I suppose that this was a trait which he inherited from your father, the good Bishop, was it not? Then in a man of such great parts as his were, his extraordinary *modesty—perfectly genuine* (the whole character was as remote as possible from affectation)—was a most remarkable feature. I suppose he must have stood in his own light many times. With his abilities he might have

commanded anything the Church had to give, if he had simply let it be understood that he was open to offers of preferment. But there was an innate humility in him, which made him think himself unfit for any but lower posts, and distrust himself even in these. This combined with a certain locomotiveness (shall we call it restlessness?) to lead him to resign, after a short experience of them, the few positions which he held.

Your father, the Bishop, once said to me, speaking eulogistically of James: 'And he is *such* a preacher: you have no notion what a preacher he is.' I had never been in the way of hearing him preach; but after this, I resolved to put myself in the way of it. So one day, when I found that James was to be in London in Lent or Advent, I asked him to take one of a series of Evening Lectures, which were given at my Church (St. John's, Paddington) during the weekdays of the Ecclesiastical season. He kindly consented to do so, without making the smallest difficulty (as eminent men are sometimes in the habit of doing) or seeming to think that he was doing me or my people a favour. He dined with us before the Evening Service, and was kindly, genial, sprightly, jocose—in short, himself all over. Away from home, and unable to get access to my back journals, I cannot now recall the passage of Holy Scripture

upon which he spoke in the Church. But though the subject of the discourse has escaped me, it left a definite impression upon my mind, which may, I think, be best summed up by the word *unconventional.* The late Bishop Bagot is said to have once preached a sermon in Wells Cathedral, which had a great effect, from his carefully eschewing theological phraseology. It was on 'the great difficulty of being good ; the reasons why it was so difficult ; and the way to become better.' I can imagine your Brother having preached that sermon. Nothing that so able a man said could be commonplace ; and the main lesson that he drew from his text was not quite that which was on the surface, or which ordinary preachers would have drawn. I remember saying to myself : 'That didn't come out of a Commentary, but straight out of his own head.' But the language was so perfectly simple, and the phraseology so untheological, that no one could fail to understand him. Without notes of any kind, or anything before him but his Bible, he rippled on most pleasantly, without a single hitch, pouring out his soul in a conversational style, but by no means slipshod or slovenly English (so fine a scholar *could not* speak so) ; the perfect facility with which he seemed to speak, as if it cost him no effort at all, nor in the least carried him out of his ordinary element, adding an indescribable grace and charm to the discourse.

Mrs. Turner, the widow of Dr. Dawson Turner, to whom Mr. Lonsdale was so much attached, does full justice to the self-sacrifice which induced him to throw himself for two years into the intensely hard work of the Royal Institution School at Liverpool :—

St. Helena, Clevedon.

My dear Canon Lonsdale,—Alas! I feel that nothing that I can say can in any way do justice to either the head or the heart of your dear brother. You know that in coming to us he sacrificed two years of his life in order to help his friend. He was paying us a visit, and my husband was regretting the loss of one of his best masters and saying that he was afraid it might do the school harm, when your brother most kindly offered to take the place and do the work of the master who was going. We thought he was joking at first, but no ; he felt it would be a great help to us, and he came, and you may imagine to have a man of his standing and scholarship, with all his honours and 1st Class, was indeed a help : he not only took his class daily in the school, but he lived in the house with us, helping the house-master with the boys. He was not strong and the work was hard, but he had the most wonderful faculty of finding objects and subjects of amusement and fun out of conditions that would have made

most men annoyed or angry. He was adored by the boys and masters, and I am sure he left a permanent impress for good upon every one who came in contact with him. He was eccentric, as you say, but it was the eccentricity of goodness. He had that most excellent gift of charity, which, when really practised to the letter, must appear most eccentric. I used to feel so sorry for you all, especially for your Father, for it must have appeared entirely out of the question that he should be filling the post of an under-master at a school ; but he was perfectly happy, for he thought he was doing a kindness, and he never thought of himself. He came to us in '54 and remained until the summer of '56. About that time there was a great deal of talk about the benefit of co-operation and combining forces. He came in to me one afternoon and said, 'I have been trembling in my shoes all the afternoon.' And I said, 'Why?' And he said, 'Oh! just think if those forty boys who were in my room knew their power and were to combine, where should I be?' And then he gave that peculiar laugh of his and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the ludicrousness of the situation. 'It made me awfully civil to them.' He said once, 'I always feel such a duffer when I talk to the boys.' I said, 'How?' 'Oh! they are so sharp and clever, they know much more than I do; I am sure they think me an awful ignoramus. They

know exactly when all the boats leave the river, and the names of all the different Lines that go to New York, Boston, New Zealand, &c.'

The testimony of Dr. Hornby, Provost of Eton, is most valuable, as coming from one well qualified to judge of character. He wrote to Canon Lonsdale from

The Lodge, Eton College: May 26, 1892.

Your brother was a very kind friend to me in my Durham days, and I have always regarded him with great respect and affection. But I have not seen him for many years, and, though I well remember how good and able he was, and what a privilege it was to know him and be with him, I find it difficult, after so long an interval, to recall special incidents or to put my recollections into a sufficiently definite shape to be of use for the purpose which you mention.

The first time I saw him was in my undergraduate days at Balliol, when he came up to take the Catechetic Lectures in Lent. The Lectures were very good, far better, I have no doubt, than we thought them, though they were full of good things which we could appreciate; but there was a quaint simplicity about them which often made us laugh; at the same time they drew us all towards the man and impressed us with a sense of his sincerity, honesty, and goodness. When I went to Durham in 1853,

Edward Parry, the late Bishop of Dover, and I went up together as Tutors to fill vacancies in the Staff of the University, where your brother was already established as Tutor and *Principal of Bishop Hatfield's Hall.* On the first evening we were there, we met in one of the Fellows' rooms, Mr. Philip Rudd's rooms, I think,—those present being Lonsdale, Parry, Hornby, Rudd (I think), and, certainly, Duckworth (the present Canon Duckworth), then a boy or very young man, not having yet gone up to Oxford. He was staying with Lonsdale as his guest at Hatfield Hall ; and he will, I am sure, remember the amusing way in which, as we were arranging the lists of Students for Lectures, your brother described each Undergraduate for the edification of Parry and myself. He divided them into two classes, using the University slang of the day, viz. into '*Bricks*,' i.e. good fellows, and '*Beasts*.' 'A is a brick, and so is B, and C too. D is--well, the fellows think him a beast, but, you know, I have not seen much of him, and I dare say he is really a brick, if you knew him. Yes, we will put him down as a brick,' and so on. I should add that the word 'beast' was used much in the sense in which an Eton boy says, 'My Tutor is a beast this half,' meaning that he has become stricter, or that he has been setting punishments rather more freely, and has made himself disagreeable ; and, even in this modified

sense, there were few to whom your brother was willing to apply it—none, I think, for whom some excuse was not made. As a Tutor at Durham he set an example to us all, by the quantity of work which he did in helping undergraduates privately, especially those who were backward or shy or awkward, in fact all who, to an ordinary Tutor, would seem the least interesting to teach. It never entered into his head, I think, that his high gifts of scholarship made other work more appropriate. They certainly did not make him grudge time or trouble spent over the most elementary work. When an undergraduate appeared who could appreciate higher teaching and wanted coaching for a University Scholarship, he would get far more from your brother than from any of us. But I think that his great kindness, and his compassionate feeling towards all who were at any disadvantage from poverty or imperfect training, combined with his extraordinary humility, led him to look out the weaker students by preference. He certainly earned from them much warm affection and gratitude ; and this though few of them, I suspect, were aware that they were commanding the services of one of the most brilliant scholars of the day. I remember farther what a good judge he was of work done, so to speak, at a low level, and how shrewdly, as an examiner, he would pick out points of promise, and form an

appreciative judgment of work that was very faulty in point of scholarship. This, I think, is a rare gift compared with the power of marking good work correctly. He was specially excellent at *vivâ voce* examination, from his kindness and fairness, his great simplicity and a kind of racy way of putting things, which was very telling—the result of his simplicity combined with the insight of a real scholar.

In 1852 I examined for the Newcastle Scholarship at Eton with Mr. Shilleto, the great Cambridge scholar, who had been your brother's colleague in the same examination the year before, and I well remember how affectionately he spoke of him. I think that he corresponded with him for some time afterwards.

In 1869, when I asked the late Lord Lyttelton to examine for the Newcastle Scholarship, he said, 'Yes, if you will get James Lonsdale to be my colleague,' and they examined together and renewed their friendship of old days. I dare say you remember that they were Newcastle Scholar and Medallist together in 1834, Lonsdale being Scholar, Lyttelton Medallist, and they ran closely afterwards with a pair of Rugbeian contemporaries—Arthur Stanley and Lonsdale getting the Balliol Scholarships together and being in the same first class; Vaughan and Lyttelton being bracketed Senior Classics and Chancellor's Medallists at Cambridge.

We have a portrait of your brother here among Dr. Keate's pictures, but none of Lord Lyttelton except a recent photograph.

This is very meagre and imperfect; but I thought that I had better put down what I could.

To the Rev. W. Bulmer the Editor is indebted for the following touches of character :—

The Rev. James Gylby Lonsdale came to Durham University with all the prestige of his Balliol honours resting upon him. He at once impressed you that the learned scholar was the innate refined and courteous gentleman. It was my great privilege while an undergraduate at University College, Durham, to be admitted into close intimacy and friendship with him. This friendship was maintained by correspondence and occasional meetings till his death. I esteem it one of the greatest blessings of my life having had such a kind and sympathising friend. It seemed quite a novel thing for a Tutor to spend his leisure hours in helping Undergraduates with Latin and Greek verse and prose. Such was my first real introduction to him. I attended his public lectures, but he invited me to spend an evening with him in his rooms as Principal of Hatfield Hall. Then he said that he would be glad to render me any private assistance in my studies if I would only go to him at any

time. And if I wanted any books all his library was at my service for the benefit of my studies. Intercourse with him lifted you out of the ordinary course of life. There was something so simple and genuine in all his thoughts and way of regarding life that to be in his presence did you good. One impression of him ever remains with me, that he was, like Nathaniel, 'an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile.' He was indeed one of the most singleminded men the world ever saw. In intellect he was a giant, with a mind deeply enriched with the most intimate knowledge of Classical Literature. Under his guidance the difficulties of translation vanished away. If he explained any of the Greek plays of Æschylus or Sophocles or the writings of Plato or Thucydides, he made them so plain and simple that you saw at a glance the beauty of the original and wondered how it could ever have appeared so obscure. His elegant rendering of English into Latin and Greek verse and prose had its own peculiar charm of simplicity, poetry, and correctness. He had a wonderful facility of language, and in sermons or in letters he seemed to be speaking to you in those terse and almost monosyllabic sentences. If I owe a debt of gratitude for his kind encouragement and invaluable assistance in my reading for the degree examinations, I owe him undying gratitude for the high standard of Christian life that

he always set before me. I had the great privilege at his invitation of reading with him in Oxford and Cambridge and London during vacations. When shall we see his like again? His great talents were blended with such genuine humility, such charity towards all men, such consideration for others, that you always felt it good to be in his presence. Many are the lives that he has cheered and brightened with his kind and sympathetic words and counsel. 'He being dead' yet speaks to us a holy and consistent life, ever ready to alleviate sorrow with unbounded generosity. 'His left hand did not know what his right hand did.' Many a home of distress has he comforted. 'When the ear heard him it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him.'

The following characteristic anecdote shows the simple kindness of Lonsdale's heart. On one occasion when leaving his father's house in London at the earnest desire of his mother, whom he tenderly loved, he promised to travel first class to Durham because of his health. He accordingly did so; but on reaching York he saw his old college servant in a third-class compartment. Thinking that it was lonely for him, he betook himself to the servant's carriage and relieved the monotony of his journey by engaging him in conversation till they reached Durham.

To Lord Grimthorpe the Editor is much indebted for the following memorial, strictly impartial and strictly true :—

Taking both age and length of acquaintance into account, I suppose I am the oldest surviving friend of 'Jem Lonsdale,' as most people called him, besides having been his brother-in-law for forty-seven years. I doubt, however, if I can add anything material to what is already sure to be told by others, but I am asked to try.

A man who seeks for obscurity generally succeeds in finding it, as far at least as position and worldly success go, and in leaving little beyond his character to remember him by. From the time when I first made his acquaintance as 'my tutor's pupil' at Eton sixty-three years ago, I was struck with his passion for preferring the society of persons inferior to himself to that of his equals or superiors. In scholarship there were none superior in the school then, and I had no means of judging how he treated any that he might find at Oxford, except his private tutor, afterwards Dean Johnson, with whom he always did maintain great intimacy. But Johnson had been shamefully neglected, and one may say persecuted, by those whose cause he had advocated before it became dominant and that was enough to recommend him to James Lonsdale.

The last time I spoke to Bishop Fraser, he said, as he had done before, 'I can't think why Jem will not come near me now. I have asked him several times to come and stay with me and he won't,' although he was the Bishop's chaplain and an old Oxford friend. I answered, 'Only because you are a bishop.' It was much the same with Lord Lyttelton, with whom he once or twice examined for the Newcastle Scholarship at Eton, of which they had together got the two honours in 1833 and were my tutor's pupils in the same Remove. I remember his writing to me about it: 'We were told that Lyttelton had got the Medal and Lonsdale the Scholarship,' as if the latter were the smaller honour.

Immediately after that, he came to read for half a year with the private tutor whom I had recommended to him and his father, having left Eton the year before, of whom he often told me that he was the best teacher he had ever known, John Hodgson, a former Fellow of Trinity, a second Medallist and a high Wrangler, who was then Vicar of a Cambridge living with the odd name of Bumpsted Helion. Yet, though one was the best tutor and the other the best pupil they respectively had, there was never any such intimacy as I had myself with Hodgson as long as he lived, or as some others of the fifty-two who read with him, not including his previous ones at Cambridge.

He had been intended to go to Cambridge, and used to say he wished he had ; but he had been tempted to try for a Balliol Scholarship at Eton, and having got it was in a manner obliged to go there. He always, however, spoke with great respect of the old Master, Dean Jenkyns, as he did of our Eton tutor, Bishop Chapman, who, though not reckoned as good a scholar as Keate or Okes, was a singularly good and honest tutor, and would have been Provost but for the intervention of the Crown at the last moment, to assert its doubtful rights, as I have told in my Life of Bishop Lonsdale. It is hardly necessary to say that he got a first-class in Classics in the Oxford Schools, and a second in Mathematics, for which he had some taste ; but he never cultivated them afterwards. He was beaten for the Ireland Scholarship by Stanley, but I have heard Oxford men of that time say that some of the examiners admitted that Lonsdale was the better scholar though Stanley was the more accomplished man, which was doubtless true. And I do not think he was ever afterwards recognised as a great scholar, which Lonsdale was to the end of his days and in spite of all his retirement from conspicuous work. I think the only books Lonsdale ever wrote were the prose translations of Virgil and Horace, with short introductions to various parts of them, which he did for Macmillan, in company

with Mr. Samuel Lee, while they were respectively Professors of Classics at King's and University Colleges in London.

He was tutor of Balliol for a short time, but had to leave it for bad health, and was supposed by some doctors, whom others rightly laughed at, to be consumptive. In fact, he never had good health from that time till he went to be curate to an old friend in a small village near Worcester, where he lodged in a farmhouse and drank the cider of the country. Again and again his passion for the *fallentis semita vitæ* broke out in various directions. When we were asked from time to time 'What has become of Jem Lonsdale,' it was rather provoking to have to answer, 'He is a curate in a Worcestershire village,' or 'He is usher in a school at Liverpool, or in a smaller one at Whitchurch, or Principal of Hatfield Hall at Durham,' a place which it was said that nobody else fit for it would take. He was for a time the Professor of Classics at King's College, London, and his friends did all they could to make him say he would accept the place of Principal when it was vacant in 1883, to which he would probably have been elected unanimously. But he would only say, 'I would to please my father if he had been alive, but he is not.' He had subsided into two successive College livings, the first of which he disliked

and the second he gave up because it was unhealthy. His connexion with that place ended sadly, and with an odd similarity to what happened to his father's church at Eccleshall, just after his death. He had got Huntspill Church well restored before he left it. But the architect and builder between them put the stove chimney through a wooden ceiling, as they did at Eccleshall, and both churches were accordingly set on fire almost immediately. Huntspill was burnt clean down, but Eccleshall was not. Though he had gone and given a great deal towards the restoration, he gave 500*l.* more towards rebuilding the Church. . . .

After 1878 he held no more preferment, but lived for seven years at Woodleigh, near Mayfield, and then for five at Weybridge, generally taking a few private pupils at all those places. For he was never so happy as when he was teaching, and, *more suo*, quite as happy with unpromising pupils as with the best, provided only they behaved well. A few months before his death he moved into a very nice house in Queen's Parade, Bath, which we and the friends he had already gained there hoped he would enjoy for some years, though they were not likely to be many; but the Easter cold and a few days' illness carried him off.

Reverting to his love of teaching, I add from my long connexion with King's College

as a Governor, that he always displayed wonderful power in keeping his classes in order, in which some more famous men have failed. It is certainly a special gift, which has run through various branches of the Bishop's family. Though one of the meekest of men, Lonsdale had also the Mosaic gift of government, which with his many others would, I have no doubt, have made him successful in any position up to the highest. For except in the infirmity I have mentioned, he was a much wiser man and less easily taken in than many people guessed from his wonderful good-nature and apparently careless mode of talking; and a man of stronger opinions and more resolution too. He used to say, during the contests which ended in ejecting Mr. Gladstone from representing Oxford, 'I would do most things to please my father, but I won't vote for Gladstone.' If his father had lived longer he would have seen that Jem was wiser than himself therein, though on the whole I do not say that he was: and certainly not in refusing the Lichfield canonry, which his father, and his brother who took it instead, wished him to accept. Indeed, he would never accept anything of value, and used to answer in his odd way, 'I steal pencils at home when I want one.'

Of his sermons and his conversation it is needless to speak to those who ever heard them, and it is impossible to give any idea of them to

those who never did. I have seen him write sermons in a room full of young people talking. I do not think his sermons were as well suited to a learned audience as an unlearned one, and possibly they will not read as well as they sounded. But like all he did, you very soon perceived that it was the work of a man of genius, and the more so from its extreme simplicity, which for a few sentences might take people in, especially those who think fine words mean profound or useful thoughts. He was for a few years assistant or out-of-term preacher at Lincoln's Inn to my most learned friend Canon Cook of Exeter, whose sermons do read as well as they sounded and were among the best we ever had.

He seemed almost to think in Latin verses, his letters were so full of them, which otherwise had the same queer simplicity as much of his conversation. He had a singular felicity in talking attractively to everybody, down to the youngest or most ignorant, and consequently was rewarded by the most extraordinary sayings and stories, which one used to wonder how he got. An old friend of mine writes from a small parsonage where Jem stayed with him a few years ago, that his two maids speedily worshipped him ; and so did servants who occasionally opened the door to him at lodging-houses and elsewhere. Perhaps it is no exaggeration to say

that he was altogether the most attractive person, as well as the most benevolent, that his friends ever knew. So, as Newman said in his funeral sermon on another friend of mine, James Hope Scott, 'And now farewell, but not for ever, dear James' Lonsdale. GRIMTHORPE.

Professor Jowett, the distinguished Master of Balliol College, kindly sent the following Recollections:—

James Lonsdale was elected a Fellow of Balliol College at the same time with myself and two others in November 1838. I have hardly ever or never seen him during the last thirty years, but from 1838 to 1860 I was very intimate with him. We were separated afterwards, not by any difference, but simply by distance. He was living in London or at a country parsonage, and I in Oxford, and we did not come in each other's way. Now that he is gone, I deeply regret that I lost sight of him during so great a part of his life.

Looking back upon the old times, I have a charming recollection of him. He was quite unworldly and disinterested, free from the least tincture of self-consciousness and vanity, wholly without ambition. He used to say of himself that he was rather weak, and could not always make up his mind when it was necessary to come to a decision. Yet he had great gifts. He was

an excellent scholar of the old-fashioned type, most agreeable in conversation, and possessing a strong sense of humour. He was very simple and humble, though not at all ignorant of the world, and capable of holding his own in any society. He seemed to me, like his distinguished father, to have, impressed on him throughout life, the character of the Eton boy. Certainly, as long as I knew him, he did not cease to be a boy. He was fond of a joke; and some of the old Eton modes of speech clung to him in later years. The idea of his being a leader of men would have seemed ridiculous to him; he would always with alacrity have taken the lower place, if he could do for another what was kind or right. He under-estimated himself, and, perhaps, over-estimated one or two of his friends.

There was a singular affection about him, and he had a great tenderness for the feelings of others. Some of those with whom he was most intimate were not clever or distinguished, but he liked them because they were unpretending, or, it may be, solitary; and he did not reflect how greatly he was their superior. I never remember his making a remark to the disadvantage of any one, or saying anything which would give pain to another. He was the life-long friend of a very accomplished man, now no more, whom shyness and melancholy had banished from the society of the Oxford world

There were several distinguished Undergraduates at Balliol College in his time, but in general he kept away from them, thinking perhaps that it would be presumptuous in him to seek their acquaintance, seeing that he had no high aims such as theirs, no great interests in politics or literature; he did not even aspire to make his way in life. He had the Eton prejudice against Dr. Arnold and his pupils; in later years he would have acknowledged this to have been a mistake. The same simplicity disinclined him for the study of Philosophy; he thought that his time was better spent on the Greek and Latin poets. To one of his friends he expressed a distaste for the speculations of Coleridge, which were then beginning to exercise an influence on Oxford students. He liked all things to be plain and clear and sensible, and not contaminated by German metaphysics. But he had a touch of genius in his composition which, at times, attracted him to problems lying beyond the range of common-sense. He was an excellent critic, both of Latin and of English style, and when in later life he was appointed Catechetical Lecturer to the College, he showed that he had considerable literary talent. His lectures had a great deal of freshness and originality, and exhibited a real insight into the meaning of Scripture and into the history of the Church.

His tutorship at Balliol lasted only for a year, 1841 to 1842. He was tutor at the same time with the late Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Scott, afterwards Master of Balliol. He bestowed the most unwearied pains on his pupils, and was much beloved by them. He was one of the few persons who have a natural aptitude for teaching, and of the still smaller class who have the power of teaching scholarship. He took a great interest in the correction of Greek and Latin Verses, and could make grammatical distinctions plain and even attractive. He won the hearts of his pupils, and so found the way to their understandings. He was lenient to the faults of youth, and ready to make allowance for its temptations. When he settled in the country, the Tutors of Balliol College were always eager to send him pupils.

His life has been said to have been a failure, and he has been even severely criticised for not availing himself of 'opportunities of usefulness,' such as the Canonry of Lichfield, which were within his reach. I am not of this way of thinking. No man is to be blamed for leading a private life rather than a public, if he feels himself better suited for it, nor for being without ambition, if he deems the objects of ambition to be unworthy of serious pursuit. He would certainly not have considered his own life a success, or rather, he would not have thought about it

at all. Too great humility is an error so rare, that it may be allowed to pass without reproof. The late Dean of Westminster, who was his brother-scholar at Balliol, elected at the same time with him, once said to me that he was 'like Christ.' This was a figure of speech; but when I remember such texts as, 'I am among you as one that serveth,' or, 'He that is least among you all, the same shall be great,' or, 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein,' I seem to understand what he meant. I cannot regard such lives as failures. I am thankful for the lesson which they leave behind them.

July 18, 1892.

One who would himself have better written this Memoir, had he had the leisure—one who even more than most men loved James Lonsdale, his nephew Clement Bryans, mentioned frequently before in this Memoir, has given to his memory this tribute of affection:—

It is with grave doubts, not only of my power to appreciate him, but also of my ability to help others to a knowledge of him, that I add a few words to this memoir.

'A walk with Uncle Jem!' That was a talisman that never failed, a charm that never

palled. From very early childhood to the last time I ever saw him, that was the one pleasure we all could understand. Alas! we can now only recall the delight of our childhood as he poured forth from a never-failing fancy tales that made the way seem short to our little paces. The ease with which he sank to our level, the innocent delight he took in amusing us, the utter absence of airs of superiority, made all forget those heartburnings and small bickerings which so often mar the happiness of the very young. In later years, when we grew up, the same charm was never absent. His love of any anecdote, his boundless fund of good stories made every road, however dull, seem brighter than the finest scenery. Indeed, it was often difficult to get along at all, so full of mirth and happy jest he was. 'Please tell me that story again,' he would often stop and say, 'it is far better than mine. I should like to be able to remember that.' Everybody else's story was better than his in his eyes. When we both were in a very ridiculous vein he would often say, 'What a couple of fools we are, Clem! To think a man of my age can be so absurd!'

Our days both inside and outside the house were passed in a constant whirl of jokes, stories, rhymes, quotations. Perhaps he would say, 'Let us turn everything we meet into Greek Iambics. You know I once got into an awful

scrape with old Kennedy for saying I didn't think very much of Greek Iambics. Whereupon the great Kennedy said, "I am surprised, Mr. Lonsdale, to hear *you* express such an opinion." What a fool I was! You can guess I felt very small. All the same I agree with a friend of mine who said, "You can turn a brick wall into Greek Iambics." But I was a fool to say that before old Kennedy.' As we had both been at Eton, he revelled in everything relating to the humorous side of the great school. And humorous enough it was in the old days of Keate. Only one master typical of those days remained in my time, but he was a constant source of merriment to us both. Alas! both he and the uncle are gone now, and there is not much fun to be had out of the modern generation. Priggishness was his detestation. He could forgive everything save that. Eton to him was the Anticyra of prigs. Harrow and Rugby were in his eyes responsible for much of modern cant. He had little faith in the new views, whether educational or otherwise. And he dearly loved stories that exposed their unsoundness.

As I have so much cause to thank him for whatever knowledge of Latin and Greek I may possess, it may be of some interest to say a word thereon. Probably a teacher of others is at his best when in the full vigour and freshness of life,

But it would be hard to say of my uncle that he ever lost his power or love of teaching. To the very end he would gladly help others, whether mere beginners or more advanced scholars. What impressed me most was his determination to take all the pains he could to find out what the best authorities said. Many clever youngsters who boast of never using a dictionary would have been abashed at hearing him say, 'Well, I don't feel sure, we had better look it out in old Facciolati. It's a wonderful book.' And while he turned over the pages he would say, 'There's nothing like looking things out—one can never be sure;' and when he got to or near the proper page he would tap the book all the while with his fingers, while his eyes seemed to burn the very page, so strong and keen was their glance. I need not say that the lexicon only said what he said, but the lesson in industry, thoroughness, and modesty was not, I hope, thrown away.

My uncle belonged to the old school of scholars; but it must not be thought that he was unfair to the Cambridge school. On the contrary, he constantly expressed his belief in the superiority of Cambridge scholarship to that of Oxford, and often said to me, 'Ah! I wish I had gone to King's as an Eton scholar—that was what my father did. I am sure it would have

been better.' He had the greatest admiration for the scholarship of Shilleto, with whom he more than once examined and several times stayed at Cambridge. His stories of him were delightful. Shilleto was evidently very fond of my uncle, and, though a bad correspondent, made ample amends by sending him a magnificent set of Greek verses on topics of the day every Christmas. The delight these verses caused my uncle was immense. 'Ah,' he would say, 'there aren't many jolly things in the world, but this is jolly.' They examined together for the Newcastle Scholarship at Eton. Dr. Hawtrey, the Head-master, thought fit to entertain Shilleto with his views on the pronoun *iste*—'A word of contempt, Mr. Shilleto.' Whereupon Shilleto when alone with my uncle said, 'Old Hawtrey talked insufferable rot about *iste*, but he keeps uncommonly good beer.' And during their stay at Eton he used to say, 'Now, Lonsdale, you must ring and ask the butler for beer this time, it's your turn.' Needless to say the butler always fixed his eyes on the thirsty scholar when my uncle asked for more.

To return to the great Shilleto. Once I sent my uncle a copy of Greek verses of no particular merit except that they drew from him some lines on Shilleto, of which the last four are as follows :—

Styx office has no post, no lines he now can write us,
Yet doubtless still he jokes e'en by the sad Cocytus,
On Pluto and on Cerberus he makes his pleasant squibs,
And pokes old Æacus and Minos in their ribs.

A propos of the last line my uncle adds a note. 'He used to poke me in the ribs and say, "Only an Oxford man."' He once asked Shilleto to coach him, which Shilleto refused on the score that they were both too old. There are not many Professors living who, when past fifty, would make such proposals. He told me that Shilleto had said to a friend of his, 'Mr. Lonsdale is a most distinguished scholar.' 'That pleased me,' he added, 'as much as or more than anything that has ever happened to me.' Perhaps I may here add what he sent at the same time as a loose translation of my Greek verses, because they represent in some degree his views on other questions :—

Sad voice, you sing, to you has said,
'Alas ! alas ! great Pan is dead.'
And from our land the glory gone
And pleasant sounds, while still wag on
Words rashly flung
And the unbridled talk of glib Gladstonian tongue.
Next, how that joys of bacchic beer
And cups which gods and mortals cheer
Lawson condemns, as though 'twere sin
To drink a little in an inn ;
Not so, not so,
Thought Shilleto,

Nor that old Flaccus
Firm friend of Bacchus ;
Your anapaestic lines declare
That Lawson's views you do not share.
Then you lament our Constitution,
The prey of strife and revolution,
And ask, 'Where now is modesty?
Where Equity? where Piety?
The feelings of a gentleman
Fast disappearing like poor Pan?'
But yet you pray the powers on high
May curb this proud democracy,
And that at least this coming year
The lamp of friendship may shine clear.

I doubt if any man has examined so many schools as my uncle. Both as an examiner and as a man he was naturally more than welcome everywhere. And to the last he took a great interest in schools and examinations. He said to me more than once that it was rare for anyone to do himself justice in examination. I can only remember his showing me one copy of verses done by a boy in examination and kept by him for excellence, and that was an original copy of Latin Alcaics done by a boy named Pollock for the Eton Newcastle Scholarship on the subject of photography. The last time I travelled with him on the occasion of my father's funeral, I remember showing him the proofs of some papers I was setting in examination. He then said: 'I'm much too old to be able to look

over papers now.' But on glancing at the proofs he at once detected some misprints that my younger eyes had overlooked. Many men have said to me, mentioning my uncle's name : 'What ! Are you the nephew of dear old Lonsdale ? He used to come and examine when I was at school.' He formed many life-long friendships while acting as examiner.

My uncle was not an omnivorous reader like the great Dr. Kennedy, whose knowledge of novels and of murders was as amazing as his classical attainments. But it was always a pleasure to see my uncle read. His keen, eager, bright glance seemed to seize hold of the page, and his memory and judgment were both to be trusted by others though not by himself. He would always profess an ignorance of politics. 'I don't understand them.' But if I with youthful assurance said something, he would often say, 'I dare say you are right, but I think the paper said so-and-so.' And it always did. Political views are rarely interesting, and I have quoted enough to show that Progress with a big P did did not take him in. He would often allude to men who had risen in the Church by professing a deep interest in education and large talk on various matters, while they had neglected their own duties and rarely entered their own schools. He did not care for discussions about literature, partly perhaps because he was so diffident and

hated laying down the law, partly because such discussions were often profitless and tended to unnecessary warmth. 'Anything to avoid a row,' he would say on almost all questions. No doubt he carried this too far, and the row would have subsided more easily by the exercise of firmness than of submission. 'You know your father says I am in the prostrate line—I am a great coward.' Some extracts showing his views on literature may here be given. 'Three writers, Lord Tennyson and Messrs. Browning and Swinburne, seem to me to have done their best to produce affectation in style.' 'We had a small party last night. One man was very literary, all about Shakespeare and Mr. Robert Browning and a Greek word; and I do not like literary talk: gossip is much more interesting. I wished for Clem to tackle the literary 'un.' Again: 'I agree with all you say about Milton and Wordsworth, though two men I vastly believed in, viz. my father and Mr. Brewer of King's College (London) greatly admired Wordsworth. But after all I do not care much for literature compared with gossip at any rate, a much richer thing.' He was a strong upholder of Cicero against the Mommsenian view. 'I do not agree with you about Cicero, O thou father of Cæsar.' The obscurity of the last words is cleared away by the fact that we had called our son Julius. He never ceased joking on this.

Enough has doubtless been written by others to show the extraordinary absence of selfishness which marked my uncle. His kindness to his servants was perhaps carried too far, though it never seemed so to me, indicating as it did his view of the relations that should obtain between human beings if Christianity were practised instead of being talked about. He was the first *man* who made me feel that the Christian religion was not an unattainable ideal. As one who lived some time in his house and knew him very well wrote to me on hearing of his death, 'He was the most Christlike man I ever saw.' He would often say to his servants, 'Thank you, Mary, you're very kind to me; I am sure you are far better than I am.' At first one might smile at this, but the honest unaffected sincerity with which he spoke soon taught one another lesson. He delighted in talking to any of his servants, especially if they said rich things, and would quote them again and again. Often he added: 'He or she is very clever, far cleverer than I am.' That he cared absolutely nothing for creature comforts goes without saying. If things went wrong and he was unable to be present until everything on the table was cold, he would say, 'It doesn't matter the least, I don't want anything;' and his discomfort was dismissed from his mind at once. He would never sit in an easy chair. Often after dinner

he sat with me and insisted on my taking the best chair, and would constantly fall asleep and almost slip off his less comfortable one, to my great alarm. The last time he and I were in a strange house together, I remember well going in to see him before breakfast, to ask how he was after a long tiring journey. He was sitting half dressed, stropping his razor. I said, 'Why! you've no hot water to shave with.' 'Oh! I like it cold.' He always liked it cold, whether water or anything else. And I remember he turned it off by enlarging on the merits of the 'graduating strop.' 'A swell word, isn't it? I should like to give you one; Charles Lear (a barber at Bridgwater) sold it me. I often had long talks with him; he is a very rich character, the "graduating strop."' Later he wrote: 'I should like to give you a graduating strop, as you and I are both graduates. I shall get it from Charles Lear. Charles Lear's letters are inferior to his conversation, the opposite of Paul, about whom I had to preach yesterday.'

His courtesy to all beneath him in station was quite natural. He touched his hat to everyone who did so to him, and dressed in the oldest and shabbiest of clothes. 'Mr. Lonsdale is a very 'umble dresser,' was a parishioner's remark in which he delighted. He never entered the humblest cottage without saying, 'May I come in? I hope I shan't be a bother to you.' And

he always took his hat off on entering. Had he had his own way, he would have lived almost entirely in one room on the plainest possible fare. But in these matters, fortunately for him, others had to be considered. Everything that goes to make a show in the world was utterly alien to his nature. He always said of people whom others found unattractive, 'I like him; he's not nearly so bad as people say; he's been very kind to me.' It was often hard to discover what this kindness was. But wherever he lived he had a number of odd friendships with people often quite unworthy of his kindness. Some were merely bores, others not very respectable, but to them all he was always most tolerant and friendly. In every town or village where he stayed a little time he found out poor people to visit, and never forgot them or their little histories if he returned to the place. 'I must remember to go and see Mrs. So-and-so;' and see her he did, to her delight and advantage in every way. That was the same pleasure to him as it is to most of us to go and see one of our equals and social friends. I doubt if any man has ever had so real a knowledge of the country poor, and I often urged him in vain to write some book of his experiences. Probably his natural delicacy of feeling made him reluctant to publish what had been said to him in confidence. If there was anything odd about the people, he was

always anxious you should see them too. And if while walking with him you happened to meet one of them, he would say afterwards, 'I'm very glad we met him—it *was* a bit of luck.' Probably you at the first interview failed to see any cause for congratulation. His stories about the people could not find the day long enough to tell them. One farmer perhaps had the Somersetshire *z*; we would go to hear it. Another retired tradesman had been to Paris; his experiences we must go and hear. If anyone used an odd expression my uncle would repeat it after him in his next sentence, having no doubt his father's anxiety that I should not miss anything good. He would sit a long time talking in the easiest way, and often I had to almost force him out of the house in order to return home in time. If anyone was in trouble he was off at once. Sometimes, when far from well and rather lame, he would go a long way before breakfast and come back quite exhausted. But he would say, 'So-and-so was very kind and let me go part of the way in his cart.' Often he had been sent for and had gone off at once when there was no real reason for hurry. But it never seemed to occur to him to think of himself. On occasions of real trouble, such as sudden death, I have seen him with a set look of commiseration, saying very little to a family in tears, but conveying his silent sympathy in a very touching

way. He had no Celtic spring of tears, no outbursts of proper thoughts and pious language. 'It's very sad, isn't it?' he would say to me. Life was to him a sad thing. Human beings were weak creatures. No unctuous phrases, no talk of Progress could alter the stern facts. All little tricks of superior holiness, into which even good men fall, all fine words were to him mere emptiness. The jargon of sects, the belief that some particular form of faith was the only true one, could give him no comfort. He never improved the occasion by solemn utterance of religious or moral formula. No doubt he would have got on better in the world if he had striven to impress people by such mannerisms, but the gospel of getting on had no attraction for him. Perhaps he was a little hard on those who did succeed, but he knew too well the arts employed.

He felt it his duty to be at the call of all in the parish, and particularly of the humblest and poorest. He did everything to promote peace and harmony. That his work was often not appreciated, that he was misunderstood and sometimes abused, was his fate, as it has been the fate of many others. Here is a letter written from South Luffenham in 1872. 'John (his gardener) says: "The more you do for South Luffenham people, the more they abuse you," which is encouraging.' The same worthy said:

'You visits the people a deal too much—you only does harm by it.' In the same letter he describes a penny reading and the audience. 'The brother-in-law was there, who is said to be a very audacious man when drunk.' Audacity at South Luffenham in that form was not uncommon. Huntspill in Somersetshire was a far more congenial living, and, though what would be called a very dull place and quite destitute of society, I never passed happier or less dull days than I did when reading there with my uncle. We knew everybody and constantly went to see them, and by teaching in the Sunday school and visiting with him I got an insight into his life nothing else could have given. The parishioners often stood amazed but pleased at the sight of us standing still in the road, unable to move from laughter. 'Do you see that man, Clem?' as a gig came by; 'that man said to me, "The Resurrection is passed and I am a proof thereof."' The man belonged to the strange and now obscure sect of the Prince-ites. Outwardly he seemed a proof of little but alcohol. When we passed the one man in the place who was rather more of a gentleman (in the social sense) than the rest he would say, 'I like him very much;' and then dropping his voice, 'but he doesn't think very well of me. I don't preach *the Gospel*.' He was not fond of Dissenters, and would say when we stopped to talk with one,

'Dissentientes condicionibus.' He was much amused by being asked to preach in their chapel. Among the many nice people there was a farmer whom we both especially liked. To the end he was fond of writing 'Old —— is still breaking up;' because years ago he had been assured by the farmer's women-folk that he was fast breaking up, a melancholy pleasure in which such people often indulge. Of him too he would often tell the story that on one occasion an especially fine rainbow was visible, and the farmer called to those in the house, 'Come out and see the wonderful works of Almighty God.' 'Most unscientific, you know,' my uncle would add, 'but I believe a deal more in that than in all their science.' The Lonsdales are not a scientific family. On its being said, 'They don't believe in the laws of nature,' a friend of the family answered, 'No, but they believe in the laws of good nature.'

He did not say smart things on the spur of the moment, but one story he used to tell shows that he had the power. A curate of his, who had a separate charge at a Chapel of Ease some way off, was a rather extraordinary person. Once in church he suddenly in the middle of his sermon observed, 'I will be at the beck of no man, least of all if he belong to the infernal family of ——,' naming a very respectable farmer, with whom he had a difference. Naturally the

farmer complained to my uncle. So he said to the curate, 'Now, Mr. ——, I am older than you, so you must not mind my saying to you that you did very wrong in saying what you did.' 'It was an inspiration, Mr. Lonsdale.' 'Not from above,' answered my uncle.

My uncle had a poor opinion of sermons. 'I think they rarely do much good,' he would say. His own were the quaintest. The sentences were short and generally composed of the simplest and easiest words in the language; his delivery and curiously pitched intonation added to the effect. He was quite unmusical, and would say that the object of music was to make a noise, and that a brass band would do that best. The only tune he knew was 'God save the Queen,' because the people stood up. He said the best sermons he ever heard were those of Cardinal Newman, while he was still in the English Church and preaching sermons at Oxford within the comprehension of the humblest and yet full of attraction for the ablest undergraduates of the day.

Undoubtedly the Oxford movement and the influences that combined to cause it affected my uncle greatly. That there were many men of somewhat similar temperament to himself is clear, I think, from a study of what has in recent years been published. In reading the Reminiscences of the Rev. T. Mozley I have been

often struck with this, the more so by the way in which the writer tells stories against himself, and yet conveys to you the impression that his folly is far superior to your own wisdom. That was exactly the feeling my uncle constantly gave me. He had little sympathy with Protestantism in its less pleasing sides. He would give a curious sound to the phrase, 'the blessed and glorious Reformation.' Here is an extract from a letter: 'I fear things are not so jolly at old Huntspill as they used to be in our days. It is of course much unjollified by agricultural depression. Liberalism is inimical to jollity, and "the world gets unjollier and unjollier;" as the old fellow said; "After the blessed Reformation, England was not nearly so jolly as it was before it, when he was young."' Horror of the Pope always gave him much amusement. I have often thought he would have been very happy in the old days, living under monastic rule, visiting the poor and sick, copying manuscripts, illuminating missals, and taking part in daily religious service. Here is another extract which will show my meaning more clearly: 'Yesterday a book came to me, and I opened, not unexcited, and it was from Herbert [Bryans], and it was "Curé d'Ars," a book I had longed to have, and it reminded me of S. Francis and of S. Teresa. There is a peculiar twang about Roman Catholic Saints, which nothing else has, and they have a

charm for me which nothing else has. Always nearly about them there is a sort of humour too. A woman said to the Curé d'Ars, when he was quite exhausted, "Now, M. le Curé, drink what I bring you," and the Saint said, "What woman wills, God wills."' But he had no sympathy with the Ritualistic school either in its insistence on ceremonial or in its disobedience to authority. 'To-day I felt quite vexed, when I saw one young woman pour heaps of cards into the office, and then came another, &c. It is the women who do all, Xtmas cards, and High Church bobbings and everything else.'

He was very fond of dogs, though knowing little about them in a scientific way. I remember going to see him with a dog still in the puppy stage, and fond of cloth. After a time the dog bit through his trousers. 'Oh, dear!' he said, 'that is unlucky; it is my one good pair. On my mother saying, 'Well, it's a good thing he didn't bite you,' he replied, 'I had much sooner he had bitten my leg than my trousers.' He wouldn't eat ducks and fowls which he had seen alive and happy in his own yard.

My uncle was a great letter-writer and needed no incidents to fill up his letters. 'He would spin out of his own vitals,' as another uncle wrote. If one was ill, he would write almost daily letters full of anecdotes, riddles, Latin and Greek verses.

The subjects chosen for sermons formed many of my uncle's best stories. He would remember the old Fellow of Eton whose monosyllabic texts were famous. 'Shout' was one. The advice given by an old lady friend of his he often quoted: 'James, my dear, you had better leave David alone.'

My uncle was naturally excitable, and, if the company was not 'stuffy' as he would say—that is, was simple, natural, and unassuming, he would to the last keep all the table in roars of laughter and be at his very best. But if anyone gave himself airs, whether intellectual or merely vulgar, no one retreated more quickly into his shell and remained moody and silent. Although so unobtrusive of himself and his own opinions, he resented any liberty being taken with him or any attempt to patronise. I often saw that from youthful ignorance and arrogance I had given him offence without the least intending to do so. His guard was up at once, and it might be some time before he was himself again. He never said a word, but you felt you had annoyed him. I can remember several stories he told about people towards whom he had taken a dislike at the first interview from what they said or the way they had acted. And I know that these people in several cases had been quite unconscious and innocent of any idea of hurting his feelings. Perhaps it is hard to know well

any man worth knowing. I certainly do not think my uncle was an exception to this rule, if it be a rule.

He never spent anything on himself, never even on books, and, I think, he always travelled third class in the days when third class was far from luxurious. His generosity to others was constant. When out on a walk he seemed constantly to be giving shillings away, having no scientific views of charity. But his most precious gift was himself, and that he never spared.

He had a profound disbelief in medical science to the end. When we were last together in Cheshire we met the village doctor, whom we had both known many years. After some talk we got on to illness, and my uncle said, 'You know, the doctors say I've got Bright's disease, but I don't believe them, you know—I don't believe them.' He later told us a rich story about the value of medical opinion. 'Some time ago I was very unwell, and at last your aunt persuaded me to have medical advice. I didn't want to, because I don't believe much in doctors; but a man came and said, "You clearly want a warm climate. You mustn't winter in England." So I said, "Well, I'm too old to move. If I am to die I would sooner die in England." A little later your aunt got me to see another doctor, and he said, "What you want is a cold bracing climate"—a diametrically oppo-

site view! Now the weather at Weybridge had been very close and muggy for the time of year; it suddenly changed to bright cold weather and I got quite well.' Hereupon a sister-in-law of mine, who has much faith in many things, said, 'Ah! that showed the other doctor was right.' To which my uncle only said in his quaint way, 'Did it?'

Probably anyone who reads so far as this will think that he has had enough. But he must remember that all that the uncle said and did is very dear to us. It is hard to think of him or write of him without tears. But he would have wished us to remember much that causes mirth. As he says, writing about my father: 'I find I am continually thinking of your father. The contrast between jokes and death is somehow so strong; it makes me think of him continually.' Again: 'However, this is what must come to an end, and I am seventy-two and a half, and oh! I do hope there is another world of Spirits where we may meet again, please God, for this life seems like a dream.'

Again, he wrote asking me which of the Psalms I liked best. 'After all, I vastly prefer the book of Psalms to Milton and Wordsworth and all. I am learning them for my last illness.' Then follows a Greek translation of one. I remember telling him that the discussion

at Cambridge in my time on religious matters concerned itself chiefly with the truth of the Christian religion and the divinity of Christ. He said, 'We never discussed that in my day. We only discussed the truth of the various Church views.' More than once he quoted a remark of a friend : 'Christianity must be true, otherwise it could not have stood all the nonsense that has been talked about it.'

I must not write more. It is little for me, who owe him so much and in whose success or rather the want of it he took such a touching interest, to say that it is the greatest privilege of my life to have known him so long and so well—a privilege of which, alas ! I am utterly unworthy. It is hard to change one's own nature. But if I ever have done or do anything at all good, if I ever have a decent feeling or impulse, I feel deeply that it is due to his example. Truly he showed all how much greater is example than precept. He never preached at you, never assumed that he was the least better than you. A life more pure from every thought of self could not be imagined. If any words of mine help others to realise what sort of man James Gylby Lonsdale was, I shall be humbly glad and grateful. The Master of Balliol at their last College dinner said of him, his old companion and friend : 'Mr. Lonsdale, whose only fault was that he was too

humble-minded.' I will conclude by quoting the lines of Chaucer, lines which I never read without thinking of him :—

> And though he holy were and vertuous,
> He was to sinful man nought despitous,
> Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
> But in his teching discret and benigne.
> To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse,
> By good ensample, this was his busynesse.
> A bettre preest, I trowe, ther nowher nou is.
> He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
> Ne makede him a spiced conscience,
> But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
> He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.
>
> C. BRYANS.

To the writer of the preceding narrative, who had been successful in gaining one of the University Entrance Scholarships at Cambridge, called, after the donor, the Bell Scholarship, Mr. Lonsdale writes thus in congratulation :—

> On banks of Cam there lives a Bell(e) ;
> 'Tis said that she is dower'd well.
> The happy man four years may thrive
> On pounds not less than fifty-five.
> An honourable lady truly,
> And never to be won unduly ;
> In Euclid knows a thing or two ;
> In Greek and Latin quite a Blue.

Each year she takes a lover new ;
A lover, say I ? rather two.[1]
When suitors come in numerous bands,
She gives her heart and both her hands,
The only Bell(e) at large we see
Guilty of such polygamy ;
But first to all puts many a question
Abstruse, not easy of digestion.
For Cricketers she nothing cares,
Nor youths who lounge on boatmen's stairs,
Nor for pale Ritualist ascetic,
Nor for the rubicund athletic,
And to the knowledge of Aquatics
Prefers a little mathematics,
But chiefly prizes erudition
In Greek and Latin composition.
Now so it chanced, as I'm alive,
In Eighteen hundred seventy-five,
From Eton came a youth called Clem,
A thing of intellect, a gem ;
If not in nose, in learning no man
Could say that he was not a Roman ;
If not in feature, yet in knowledge
A Grecian from the Royal College.
Soon as the Bell(e) beheld this fair one,
She said, ' A proper youth, a rare one,
A learned wag. 'Twill be a pity
If I miss one so smart, so witty.'

[1] See last line of Poem.

But some one whisper'd in her ear,
'Touching his Algebra, I fear.
Trust not his looks. He seems a duck.
Inquire: I heard about a pluck.'
The Bell(e) replied, 'Bring no objections
About the young man's conic sections.
If he be pluck'd like any chicken,
Yet classic feathers I can stick in.
For Trigonometry shall atone
Great Pindar, whom he's made his own.
Against his want of Calculus
I calculate his Æschylus.
Integral and Differential
In other cases are essential,
But what's the difference to me
When such Iambic lines I see?
Then let me haste and call him mine,
Or he'll be claimed by all the nine?
Thus burns the Bell(e) with equal flames,
For learned Clem and learned James.' [1]

To Mr. Clement Bryans is also due the credit of having composed the following Epitaph, already placed on the walls of King's College Chapel, London, under that of Bishop Lonsdale:—

[1] A Mr. James gained the other Bell Scholarship at the same time.

IN MEMORIAM
JACOBI GYLBY LONSDALE, M.A.
EPISCOPI LICHFELDENSIS FILII,
ETONÆ ALUMNI ATQUE IBI DISCIPULATU
NEWCASTLE APPELLATO DIGNATI,
BALL. COLL. OXON. SOCII AC TUTORIS,
UNIUS E PRÆFECTIS UNIVERSITATI DUNELMENSI,
HUMANITATIS APUD HOC COLLEGIUM PROFESSORIS.
FUIT DOCTRINÆ ELEGANTISSIMÆ PRODIGUS,
CUM DOCTIS TUM DOCTORIBUS UBIQUE ACCEPTISSIMUS,
OMNIUM CONSENSU HONORES MERENS AMPLIORES,[1]
UMBRÆ NON OTII APPETENS,
PAUPERIBUS ATQUE IGNOTIS PASTOR MUNIFICUS,
RELIGIONIS VERÆ EXEMPLAR,
CARMINIBUS LATINIS AMICOS SÆPE LÆTIFICANS,[1]
SUAVISSIMA AC FACETISSIMA INDOLE,
SIBI NUNQUAM ALIIS NUNQUAM NON OPITULATURUS.
NATUS 14 OCT. 1816
OBIIT BATHONIÆ 25 APRIL 1892.

Translation of Latin Epitaph by Lord Grimthorpe :—

IN MEMORY OF
JAMES GYLBY LONSDALE, M.A.
SON OF THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD,
A FOSTER CHILD OF ETON, AND THERE THOUGHT WORTHY
OF THE NEWCASTLE SCHOLARSHIP ;
FELLOW AND TUTOR OF BALL. COLL. OXON.
ONE OF THE HEADS OF DURHAM UNIVERSITY ;
PROFESSOR OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE IN THIS COLLEGE.
HE WAS PRODIGAL OF MOST ELEGANT LEARNING ;
MOST ACCEPTABLE EVERYWHERE BOTH TO TEACHERS
AND LEARNERS.
BY THE CONSENT OF EVERYBODY, HE DESERVED HIGHER
HONOURS.
DESIROUS OF OBSCURITY, NOT OF EASE.
A MUNIFICENT PASTOR OF THE POOR AND UNKNOWN,
AN EXAMPLE OF TRUE RELIGION.
OFTEN REJOICING HIS FRIENDS WITH HIS LATIN VERSES.
OF A VERY SWEET AND FACETIOUS DISPOSITION.
ALWAYS READY TO HELP OTHERS, NOT HIMSELF.
BORN 14 OCT. 1816.
DIED AT BATH 25 APRIL 1892

[1] These two lines were added by Lord Grimthorpe.

Professor Jowett's truly classical Epitaph, for the Memorial to be erected by old friends and pupils in Balliol College Chapel, is as follows :—

HAC TABULA COMMEMORATUR
JACOBUS GYLBY LONSDALE,
QUI PUER ETONENSIS SCHOLARIUM IN NUMERUM ASCITUS,
MOX SOCIUS, PER BIENNIUM HUJUS GOLLEGII TUTOR,
POSTEA LONDINI IN COLL : REG : PROFESSOR ERAT.
FILIUS OPTIMI VIRI EPISCOPI LICHFELDENSIS,
AMBO SIMPLICITATE INGENII PARES,
ET EXQUISITA GRÆCARUM ET ROMANARUM LITERARUM PERITIA.
HIC, CUI FORTUNÆ BONA NON DEERANT,
INFIRMA VALETUDINE,
LUCRI ET SUI OBLITUS,
NON HOMINUM VOLUIT PER ORA VOLITARE,
SED EDUCANDÆ JUVENTUTI VITAM IMPENDERE ;
HOC OPUS, HIC LABOR ERAT,
DUM GRAMMATICES MINUTIAS
SINGULARI CUM PATIENTIA ET PERSPICUITATE EXPLICARET,
NON SINE FESTIVITATE QUADAM ET DULCEDINE LOQUENDI,
DISCIPULORUM ANIMOS,
QUOS IRRUPTA SIBI AMICITIA DEVINCTOS TENEBAT,
IN PULCRA OMNIA ET AMABILIA ET HONESTA
ERIGERE ATQUE INTENDERE.
NATUS PRID : ID : OCTOBR. A.D. MDCCCXVI, REQUIEVIT IN
CHRISTO
A.D. VII. KAL. MAI : A.D. MDCCCXCII.

'EGO INTER VOS TANQUAM IS QUI MINISTRAT.' LUC. XXII. 27.

A third Epitaph, the gift of old Etonians, is about to be placed on the walls of the Ante-Chapel at Eton.

It remains to give some specimens of Lonsdale's powers in verse. They were not written for

publication. Their clearness and freshness and humourousness aptly portray his mind.

PHIL. IV. 11.

I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content.

In summer, from my pleasant room
I look and see my garden-flowers bloom ;
Or, while I hear the wintry storm,
No draughts can reach my neck, and I am warm.
Full of myself, my God I may forget.
But soon my tooth may ache : I'm in a pet.
Things will not always go quite well,
And with the changes I am changeable.
The Christian looks to Christ, and tries
Not to depend on such uncertainties ;
Nor, as the silver in the glass,
Which with the weather up and down will pass,
Will he aye restless move, but stop
Where God has set him high, nor downward drop.

The following Poem might have been written by George Herbert :—

PSALM LVI. 8.

Thou tellest my flittings ; put my tears into thy bottle. Are not these things noted in thy book ? [1]

Thou hast a bottle : put therein each tear
Which I repentant shed. I need not fear
That one be lost ; thou shalt so stop
And cork thy bottle, that no drop

[1] Prayer-Book Version, of which Lonsdale was particularly fond.

Be shed in vain :
Which shall be plain
When every tear
Shall precious be to thee and dear.

But these my tears are soiled by many a sin ;
They are not worthy to be kept within
This bottle. Christ too tears has shed,
As in the Gospel we have read.
These mixed with mine
Will clear my brine
And purify
What else were but impurity.

The next Poem is also on Contentment :—

ISAIAH LXV. 14.

Behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart.

(*On a Sermon by the Rev. F. W. Robertson of Brighton.*)

In the far Eastern land
A mystic harp, they say,
Is held by swarthy Memnon in his hand ;
And, when the day,
Breaking to light at dawn,
First glitters on the strings,
Straightway the harp, to greet the early morn,
Sweet music flings.

E'en so the Soul, when first
The Lord its sun arises,
Into sweet streams of love will gladly burst.

The Christian prizes
The Holy Spirit's aid
Excelling human art,
When by Contentment melody is made
Within the heart.

And he has left us even a third Poem on his favourite Virtue, Contentment :—

TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING

The weather's dull and thick and murky :—
But there's a turkey.
The east wind's sharp and very rough :—
There's blind man's buff.
There'll be no doubt a lot more snow :—
There's mistletoe.
The day's no day, but black as night :—
Berries are bright.
Out-doors the look-out's very dreary :—
Indoors is cheery.
The dreadful cold our temper tries :—
There are mince pies.
The hours are dull and slowly lag on :—
But there's snap-dragon.
No bird now sings ; no bee now hums :—
The cake has plums.
The pipes are frozen very hard :—
Pretty's my card.
The cold invites to melancholy :—
But look, there's holly.

There are two sides. Come, put aside
The gloomy side :
At any rate at Xtmas tide
Choose the bright side.

S. MATTHEW XV. 22.

Lines suggested by a beautiful Sermon in St. Mary's Paddington.
(May 3, 1868.)

A woman's tears, a mother's cry,
Shall they not have Christ's sympathy ?
Her prayers no pity in him stirred,
The Word divine had now no word.

She cries again ; within strict lines
Jesus his mercy now confines ;
'Tis ill for others ; only well
For the lost sheep of Israel.

Once more she cried ; her grievous fate
Makes her in prayer importunate ;
'It is not meet,' then Jesus said,
'To cast to dogs the children's bread.'

Thus roughly to her spake the Lord ;[1]
She fastened on the harshest word ;
'Truth, Lord ; yet dogs to eat are able
The crumbs that fall from their Lord's table.'

So mortal need in misery
O'er God himself had victory ;
So faith prevailed ; and from that hour
Her child was saved from hell's dark power.

[1] Gen. xlii. 7.

Lonsdale thought Browning's poetry obscure, and he disliked it accordingly, as these lines will show :—

One Richard Tompkins was a boy at school,
And in his Form there was a horrid rule
Twelve nonsense verses weekly to compose.
Dick hated verses. So said he, 'Here goes ;
I'll copy out twelve lines from that old Browning.'
These he shew'd up. Then said the Master frowning,
'Nonsense they are, no doubt ; so far, so good ;
But Verses, boy, I thought you understood
Rhythm require. Go, write some more.' The trick
Thus failed. He had to stay in school. Poor Dick!

TASTES DIFFER

South wind was softly blowing,
All streams were freely flowing ;
Two friends had met : tastes different
Friendship, 'tis said, will oft cement :
The one his hunters kept in good condition,
A sportsman keen ; the other a musician.

Then were heard suddenly
The foxhounds in full cry.
'Silence,' said one ; 'oh! what a treat.
You hear that heavenly music sweet?'
The other said, 'How can I hear sweet sounds,
When such the noise of those infernal hounds?'

SERMONS IN STONES

'Sermons in Stones;' if it were so,
To Stony-Stratford I'd not go;
Nor dwell in Bath; fair town I own,
But ah! entirely built of stone.
My house shall be all made of brick.
Road I'll avoid, lest if I kick
A stone by chance, that stone much vexed
Should long enlarge upon some text;
And brother stones extemporize
And prosy pebbles sermonize.

'Sermons in Stones;' dreadful idea!
If all the Stones that might be near
Were to begin to preach
And us our duty teach
With many a strong discourse
Urged on our ears with force,
And we got rousing knocks
From sermons orthodox,
Methinks we'd run away, nor bear to sit
Under such preachers, who so hard could hit.

A PASTORAL LAMENT[1]

O Acres three, O happy Acres three,
Promised to me!
(I wonder where exactly you will be,
My acres three).
When Church is disendowed, of course you'll be
Tithe-free, my three.
Rich loam I choose, nigh to my house and handy
(Let Smith's be sandy),
Then you will be, as I am well assured,
Richly manured.
Yet why are you but three? O why not four,
Or five or more?

O Cow, O Cow, that promised art to all
By orators that every district stump,
To free the rustics from the landlord's thrall!
Art thou the same old Cow that once did jump
Over the moon? for much I fear somehow
That thou must prove all moonshine, O my Cow!

THE OLD UMBRELLA

An old umbrella I, and rather rotten,
And not of silk, but cotton;
One like to me is sold by many a tramp,
Or borne by Mrs. Gamp;
My ribs are weak through age; and yet my stick,
Though old, is firm and thick,

[1] This was originally published in the *Standard* of December 3, 1885, and was copied into various other Papers.

So, if my aged master's feet should swerve,
For walking-stick I serve ;
Or on his shoulders me perhaps he'll bear,
Or brandish in the air ;
Or if he meet another gent, in joke
His ribs with me will poke.
I cover a great space when I am spread
Over my master's head ;
A parasol I scorn, a tiny thing
Which girls to parties bring ;
When folded round and round I do not dwindle ;
No lath am I or spindle ;
Great coats I do without ; a macintosh
I count as only bosh,
For how about the hat ? when rain comes down,
Defenceless is the crown.
Then should my master wish to cut a friend,
My spacious shade I lend,
For he can pass quite unconcernedly,
As though he could not see.
Wizard am I, experience makes plain ;
I charm away the rain ;
To take a walk my master I embolden ;
Somehow the rain's withholden :
But if a gent goes forth presumptuous,
And says : 'Why do you fuss ?
There's not a single cloud ; high stands the Glass ;'
That Glass is but an ass ;
Then for his foolish faith the gent atones,
Drenched to the very bones.

THE SHEEP, THE PIG, AND THE COCK

FROM YRIARTE

A Sheep unwell
Saw a Pig sleek,
And thus did seek
Advice: 'Please, tell,
Sir Porker, how your health so good you keep.'
Whereto the Hog just grunted out, 'I sleep.'

The Sheep thus taught
Closes his eyes;
To sleep he tries.
His rest was brought
To sudden end; his nerves receive a shock,
From the loud crowing of a joyous Cock.

'You seem quite well,
In spirits high.
The reason why
Sir Cock, please tell.'
Flapping his wings, the Cock perched up on high
With clear-toned voice crowed out
'Activity.'
Then thought the Sheep: 'Dear me,
How doctors disagree!'

WHY?

The child his Ma with questions plies ;
His mouth is full of little Whys,
In which his heart
Takes its full part.
Why is so vexed his little head
With A B C and X Y Z?
Why should that A
So spoil his play?
And when he's learnt that Alphabet,
Lessons there are remaining yet,
Yes, more and more
His heart to bore.
How happy is the yellow-hammer!
He has no cares of horrid grammar ;
He does no sums,
He inks no thumbs,
Learning to write. No birch he knows
Save the fair birch that graceful grows ;
He ne'er looks sad.
If the boy had
His wings, he'd fly away. Yet where,
Oh! where in wide and windy air
Would he meet Pa
Or find his Ma?

THE RIVULET AND THE ROCKS

'See, how the Rivulet
Does ne'er complain or fret,
But calmly onward goes,
And ever placid flows.
But would its temper still be good and sweet,
If obstacles the stream should chance to meet?

This will we test and know.'
So spake some rocks, and threw
Themselves with sudden force
Into the water's course:
But the good-tempered playful happy burn
The hindrances to music sweet did turn.

THE RE-TAILED WEATHERCOCK
(*SOUTH LUFFENHAM*)

Uncocky cock, who ne'er did vaunt or crow;
Nor ever did aught low,
Being one high in a conspicuous station,
The people's admiration.
A vane he was, and yet was never vain;
Nor would he e'er complain,
Tho' one did shoot (I tell a horrid tale)
Clean off his noble tail.

He creaked, ne'er croaked, and oh! he murmured never,
Until a mason clever
Joe Ingram, king of all the Steeple-Jacks,
Restored the tail he lacks.
And, as ascend up high the shooting rockets,
So Joe, by means of crockets
That ornament the mediæval spire,
Aye mounted higher, higher,
Without the help of rope or any ladder.
'Ah! never was lad madder,'
The cautious cry. Joe Ingram ne'er did stop
Climbing, till at the top
He was quite cool, and steady as a rock.
Then said: 'I hope, old Cock,
I see you hale, old Cock; I bid you hail;
Wag henceforth aye your tail.'

THE IMP

In Styx there swam a little Imp;
Smaller he was than smallest shrimp;
In all the depths of ocean briny
There did not swim a thing more tiny;
Yet in that form so small and thin
There dwelt a wealth and world of sin.
Him Pluto from the bank addressed:
'My Imp, if you would e'er be bless'd,

Why waste your time in idle swimming,
When with such sin you're over-brimming?
Come, quit the shape that's watery;
Be no more shrimp; become a fly;
Beelzebub is lord of flies,
And he will aid your devilries.
I say no more; in sin you're pat;
And verbum scelerato sat.'
Rising from Orcus, the new comer
Admires the beauty of the summer.
Delivered from the regions hazy,
He for a little while felt lazy.
He seems a fly, what men call bottle,
And flew towards a strawberry pottle;
Then greedy on the fruit he settled.
But soon by conscience he was nettled,
And said repentant: 'Not for this
Left I the gates of gloomy Dis.'
Sunday it was; the hour eleven,
When people learn the way to heaven.
'They shall not leave me in the lurch,
Imp though I be; I'll go to church;
No more these hours I'll idly squander;
I'll make this people's thoughts to wander.'
So, while the parson was intoning
And through the service slowly droning,
And while the hymns were sung in chorus,
The Imp suggests: 'These hymns much bore us.'
'The church is badly ventilated.'
'The parson is but addle-pated.'

'How pretty is that lady's bonnet,
Spoilt by the feather that is on it!'
'My magazine expects a sonnet.'
'That lady there is just engaged;
I hear her mother's much enraged.'
'Shares are gone down; I fear what's coming.'
'Salvationists outside are drumming.'
'To-morrow is the game at cricket,
And I have got to keep the wicket.'
'The sermon's all against backbiting,
And must be meant for Mrs. Whiting.'
'There's Mr. Jones; he's not attending.'
'When will this sermon have an ending?'
'The preacher goes on slow and steady;
Eleven parts we've had already.'
Such thoughts with many a variation
Amidst the well-dressed congregation
The Imp suggests. Imagination,
That forward faculty, will wander,
Nor cares to stay awhile and ponder
On holy texts. The Imp delighted
Believes that he will be requited
With honour in the lower region,
Where spirits dwell whose name is Legion.
He thought he could not be resisted,
But now might do whate'er he listed.—
There was a lady kind and cheery;
In doing good she ne'er was weary.
Thought he, if she could grow conceited,
Of her reward she would be cheated;

So then this Imp impertinent
Insinuates with ill intent
That surely deeds benevolent
Shall not be hid. Half truths, half lies
Give to the tempter victories.
He hints, she may with natural pleasure
Dwell on her deeds, and fondly treasure
The praise of man. But subtlety
Is helpless 'gainst humility;
And so at once she put aside
Suggestions that might lead to pride,
And of herself she thinks, 'No better
I than just my Master's debtor.'
Thus she pass'd on. Such is the charm
Religion gives to keep from harm.
The baffled Imp must needs confess
There is no power like lowliness.

HINTS FOR LATIN PROSE

If you are wishful to be pat in
The curious art of writing Latin,
'Tis a good plan by heart to know
Some Livy and much Cicero;
Nor Cæsar slight, for he is free
From turgid phraseology.
But, oh, beware; 'tis dangerous
To imitate terse Tacitus.

Also a classic piece translate,
Then put aside and let it wait;
Then re-translate; compare the two—
The old, methinks, will beat the new.
Remember that Latinity
Is very fond of brevity,
Is studious of simplicity,
Disgusted with redundancy.
Order of words most chiefly is
Decided by the emphasis;
Yet rhythm here will play a part;
'Tis scarcely taught by rules of art;
The weighty words put in the front,
Or at the end; less weighty shunt
Into the middle; last place give
E'en to a mighty adjective.
The Latin tongue, of this be sure,
In verbs is rich, in nouns is poor:
The English nouns you'll often find
(Still more, if of the stuffy kind)
By Latin verbs you can express.
Detest, as death, all stuffiness.
When English abstract terms you see,
Concrete in Latin let them be.
While you diminish substantives,
Use in abundance relatives;
These relatives their duty do
When they begin a sentence new.
Within main sentences, please plait
The sentences subordinate.

In tenses English is not nice ;
The Latin tongue is more precise.
Eschew dull uniformity ;
In structure shew variety.
Further, a rule not bad is this—
To aim at neat antithesis ;
Contrasting words you'll sometimes lay
Crosswise arranged, and humbly pray :—
'Ye shades of Tully and Erasmus,
Teach me to use the queer Chiasmus.'
Into your head drive in and hammer
The various rules of Latin Grammar ;
Then often read most carefully
Zumpt, Roby, Key, and Kennedy,
And Madvig ; for, said Shilleto,
'Latin right well that Dane did know.'

HINTS FOR LATIN VERSE

Just as in Prose, in Latin verse,
Simple you ought to be and terse ;
Long-winded sentences ignore,
Breaking them into three or four.
Unmeaning epithets refuse ;
Have none, or else discreetly choose ;
Sometimes a single epithet
Gives a whole picture, deftly set.
Love datives well ; a dative case
To Latin verse gives easy grace.

Contrasting words together lay ;
'Unus' contrast with 'omnia.'
As Pope has warn'd, you'll give offence
If sound should disagree with sense ;
Dactyls won't do for labouring steer ;
Spondees won't suit swift-running deer.
A figure call'd Hendiadys,
To schoolboy often is a bliss ;
If 'peaceful wealth' the English has,
Write 'pacem et divitias.'
And Ovid read, and you will see
How Ovid lov'd poor little 'que.'
On Ovid you may well depend
For words that Elegiacs end,
As ăger, dĭes, mŏdus, hŭmus,
With ăgo, fĕro, păro, sŭmus ;
Here, as in stories, it is best
To write the end before the rest.
Of Vowel-Trochees be a storer,
As āptă, īmă, ūsquĕ, hōră ;
Short-long-and-short to know not vain is ;
Instance 'iniquus' and 'inanis.'
In writing Longs contrive the pauses
To vary in contiguous clauses.
For other metres learn the Odes,
By heart, of Horace and Epodes.
Alcaics suit a glorious battle ;
Sapphics of peace and hamlets prattle.
'Tis hard to render, as you'll find,
Thoughts alien to Latin mind,

As Christian divinity
Into correct Latinity.
The moderns oft are sentimental,
Obscure sometimes, and transcendental;
Now Latin's nought unless it's clear,
And Latin diction is severe;
By sense correct the sentimental,
And lower down the transcendental.
A metaphor can sometimes be
Rendered by little simile.
Though Virgil, Horace, Ovid prizing,
Be not too strict, as one despising
Cam's musical Arundines;
Severn's Corolla sure must please;
And adding Isis to the trilogy
Study th' Oxonian Anthology.
If something more we need to aid us,
Let us use Quicherat for Gradus.
These hints observe, and, ere you know it,
You too may be a Latin poet.

J. G. L.
R. D.[1]

HINTS FOR TRAGIC IAMBIC VERSE

Jones Greek Iambics had to write;
Could not succeed. In stilly night
Sudden before his eyes appears
Iambus brisk. 'Stay, Jones, thy fears.

[1] A joint composition of Mr. Lonsdale and the Editor.

To give you help, my boy, I'm able ;
And Tribrach swift, and Spondee stable,
Dactyl, and Anapæst are glad
To help a good industrious lad.
Do not despair. I'm easier
Than stodgy long Hexameter,
Or closely-packed Pentameter.
I don't expect poetic fire ;
Good sense and diligence require ;
Of all the metres that one knows
Nearest akin to homely Prose.
Some Hints are here. The frequency
Avoid of feet of syllables 3.
The Dative case that ends in ι
Elide not. From Hiatus fly :
It is a chasm horrible.
The Crasis of the Article
And of small καὶ do you learn well.
I'm neither lax like Comedy,
Nor bold like Lyric poetry.
Some Epic forms (I am not proud),
Ionic, Doric, are allowed.
Alpha the privative set store on,
'Tis used by famous Oxymoron.
Then mind, dear Jones, you do not miss
The aid of long Periphrasis.
E'en Sophocles himself has said
" Famed sister-own Ismene's head." [1]

[1] Soph. *Antig.* 1.

But chiefly study Particles,
In which the Greek so much excels,
As ἄρα, γέ, τοί, μήν, δή, πώ,
And all so loved by Shilleto.
You'll say "How small!" But none can know
Greek without them, said Shilleto.
My pretty lad, court, while you can,
The Grecian lady that's named AN.
If English passage you translate
On warrior chief or awful fate,
Then Æschylus you'll imitate.
If calm the passage that you render,
Then Sophocles. He surely best is
In pathos; instance his Alcestis.
Euripides is picturesque
While Sophocles is statuesque,
But Æschylus from deep dark soul
Great mighty words does grandly roll.
See! Sedgy Cam is like Cephissus,
And Isis imitates Ilissus,
And Greek Iambics much abound
In fair Sabrina chaplet-crowned.'[1]
He spake, and vanished into mist.
But Jones the tragic hem has kissed
Of his long robe. His best Jones tries,
And gains at last the Porson Prize.

[1] *Arundines Cami; Anthologia Oxoniensis; Sabrinæ Corolla.*

FIGURES OF SPEECH

Figures are various. You skate
And skilful make the Figure 8.
A smart Professor comes from France
To teach the Figures of the dance.
In yellow colours see a nigger
Dress'd gaudy, gay. O what a Figure!
But serious Tutors wish to teach,
O Pupil Ralph, Figures of Speech.
Observe 'Constructio ad Sensum,'
As in dog Latin 'Virgo densum.'
Please note, dear Pupil, 'Euphemism,'
As 'Nonconformity' for 'Schism.'
Superfluous is 'Pleonasm,'
As 'rending spasm' or 'yawning chasm.'
'Hendiadys' good turns may do
In Latin verses, Ralph, for you,
Giving one notion by nouns two.
If in emotion you rush on,
Then use, my lad, 'Asyndeton:'
By it Isaiah well has done
Verse 28 to 31
In chapter x. Please, Ralph, set store on
The famous Figure 'Oxymoron:'
A better instance you won't see
Than illud 'mendax splendidè.'
Neptune, when Caurus roar'd around,
In 'Aposiopesis' found

Relief for rage: he scream'd 'When I—
But first these waves I'll pacify.'
'Anacoluthon' 's rather proud
And says 'No followers allowed.'
'Paronomasia' you'll praise;
'Tis often found in Shakspeare's plays.
How grand the name! but, when all's done,
It's rather like the homely Pun.
Apt, aggregate 'Alliteration'
Is used by bards in every nation.
'Onomatopeia' imitates
The sense, as 'buzzes,' 'crackles,' 'grates.'
'Chiasmus' notice next expects
With arms across like letter X,
As 'rivers roaring,' 'babbling becks.'
Then mark us with your notice, please,
The Figure that's called 'Litŏtes.'
It is a sort of Irony;
Its strength is its infirmity;
So like to Christianity,
Whose strength lies in humility.
'Hysteron-Proteron' has force,
Though like the 'cart before the horse.'
When Virgil wrote 'Come, let us die
And then—rush on our enemy,'
Was he a Paddy? No. Despair
Æneas seized; (erect his hair![1])
In all his thoughts dread Death was first,
So from pale lips 'Let's die' first burst.

[1] 'Steteruntque comæ.' Virg. *Æn.* ii. 774.

'Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes;
Despair of life the means of living shews.'[1]
O Dryden dear, you well translate,
Of Virgil no unworthy mate.
But, Ralph, you'll say 'O Tutor, why
Do you not use "Brachylogy"?'

To parent and to son, both R,
These dogg'rels dedicated are.

On being asked to preach in Eton College Chapel, Mr. Lonsdale replied :—

'Cur imparem me cingis honoribus,
Me triste lignum, me vetulum pigro
Sermone fundentemque tardo
Ore soporiferum papaver?'[2]

The following lines may be given, which Lonsdale sent to the Editor, as another instance of original composition in Latin verse, from Sidmouth :—

SIDDI LAUDES

Est locus haud celeber, quem 'Sidbury' nomine dicunt,
Collibus inclusus : Siddulus inde venit.

[1] . . . Moriamur et in media arma ruamus,
Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.
Virg. *Æn.* ii. 354.

[2] This may be translated :

Why crown with honour poor old me,
A sad, sad stick, undeservedly?
Like poppies are my sermons slow—
My hearers oft to slumber go.

Laudabunt alii, quos jactat America passim
Ingentes fluvios : tu mihi, parve, places.
Parvum parva decent, *ὀλίγη λιβάς, ἄκρον ἄωτον,*
Σμικρὸς ἐών, ἀγανοῖς φίλτατος ἰχθυδίοις.
[Magnum ego jam feci, Rhodio par Pitholeonti ;
Mista dedi Græcis verba Latina modis.]
Sidde, sub exiguis trepidat tibi pontibus unda.
Da veniam ; nulla est, quæ tumet, unda tibi.
Ecce fluis, dilecte, per innumeros cataractas,
Nec tamen ut Nilus, Sidde, superbus eris.
Prata tibi ilicibus gaudent umbraque perenni,
Ne jubar exiguam lædere possit aquam.
Ignotæ tibi sunt urbes strepitusque viarum,
Et tibi, qui fallis, rura quieta placent.
Post cursum exiguum, pontum ceu cætera quæris
Flumina. Jam cogor rem memorare novam.
Huic vico certe posuerunt nomen ineptum,
Ductum ex ore tuo ; scilicet ore cares.
Te mollem impediunt lapides in littore duro,
Congesti cumulis. Quid mihi Siddus aget ?
Ah ! fatuos lapides, qui Siddum sistere credunt.
Viribus ille quidem non valet ; arte valet.
Cum nequeas lapidum superare modestus acervum,
Furtivum peragis jam taciturnus iter.
Haud tristis tamen, ut fluvius qui Talpa vocatur,
Usque hilarem monstras lympham, hilarisque lates.

The Editor replied by a rough translation, which will be a help to the non-classical reader :—

THE SIDDIAD

There is a place obscure, by hills quite hid,
Sidbury call'd, the source of River Sid.
Let Yankees boast, in talk 'uncommon tall,'
Their Rivers huge. You please me, being small.
Small things small people suit ; a 'puir wee drap'
For puir wee minnows is the sweetest tap.
(I emulate Pitholeon of Rhodes
By mingling Scottish words with English modes.)
'Neath bridges small to hurry you do well,
For, pardon me, dear Sid, you're not a Swell.
Numberless cataracts your progress rile,
Yet pride elates you not, like Cousin Nile.
Oak-shaded meads you love, where solar beam
Cannot diminish aught your tiny stream.
Shunning the noise of street and town, beside
Some quiet field, unnoticed all, you glide.
Nor long your course before you seek the sea,
Like all your clan. But here's a mystery.
Sidmouth they call this village in the South,
A foolish name ; for why ? You have no mouth.
Heap'd obstacles of shingle hard forbid
All egress. I'm afraid you're done, poor Sid.
Ah ! silly shingle, thinking to oppose
One who no strength but many dodges knows.
Too mild to climb the intervening mound,
You run a secret passage underground.
Nor sadly, as the River Mole, you glide.
Joyous you show yourself and joyous hide.

FROM MILTON

Another part in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;
Abhorrèd Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phleget(h)on,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood, a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile.

Paradise Lost, Book ii. 570.

Pars alia, adglomerans turmis et milite denso,
Explorare audax si forte benignior aër
Det placidum fessis regna inter tristia sedem,
Quattuor instructi agminibus prope quattuor amnes

Infernos tendunt pennis iter, unde superne
Noxia in ardentem miscetur flamma paludem ;
Huic letale odium Stygis atque inamabile nomen :
Huic altus nigransque Acheron, fons ille doloris ;
Cocytique æstus, cui mæsto in litore fletus
Dant nomen longe auditi ; Phlegethontis et iræ,
Cui rapidus flammis sævit torrentibus amnis.
At procul his tacito lentoque ibi flumine labens
Fert labyrintheo devexa oblivia cursu
Lethæum flumen ; qua si quis potat ab unda,
Continuo vitam et prius obliviscitur ævom,
Lætitiam luctumque voluptatemque metumque.
Trans fluvium concreta gelu atque obducta tenebris
Vasta jacet late regio, quam turbine pulsant
Assiduo tempestates et grandine dira ;
Illa solo firmo solvi nequit et sibi molem
Aggerat, antiquis velut ædes fracta ruinis.

COMUS—LADY

C. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus ?
L. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.
C. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
L. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
C. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why ?
L. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.
C. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady ?
L. They were but twain and purposed quick return.

C. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
L. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
C. Imports their loss beside their present need?
L. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
C. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
L. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.
C. Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinked hedger at his supper sat.
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
Their port was more than human as they stood.
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And, as I passed, I worshipped. If those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven
To help you find them.

MILTON.

ΚΩΜΟΣ—ΓΥΝΗ

Κ. *τίς ὧδέ σ' ἠρήμωσεν, ὦ γύναι, τύχη;*
Γ. *ἀχλύς τε δύσποροί τε τῆσδ' ὕλης ὁδοὶ.*
Κ. *ὡς ταῦθ' ὁδαγῶν τῶν πέλας σε χωρίσαι;*
Γ. *ἔλιπόν με χλωρὸν ἐς πέδον παρειμένην·*
Κ. *πότερα δόλον τιν', ἢ λέγεις τρόπους φρενῶν;*
Γ. *ζητοῦντες εἴ που ψυχρὸν ἐν νάπαις ὕδωρ.*

Κ. ἦ καὶ δέμας σὸν ἔλιπον ἄφρακτον, γύναι ;
Γ. μόνω γὰρ ὄντ' ἔστελλον οὐ μακρὰν γ' ὁδόν.
Κ. ἴσως φθάσασα νύξ ἀνήρπασεν πόδας.
Γ. ὡς εὐμαθὴς ἄρ' ἦδε συμφορὰ τυχεῖν.
Κ. ἦ καὶ ποθεῖς νιν τῆσδε τῆς χρείας πλέον ;
Γ. τοσόνδε γ' ὡς εἰ συγγόνους ἀπώλεσα.
Κ. ἀνδρῶν τ' ἀκμὴ τοῖσδ' ἢ νέον θάλλει δέμας ;
Γ. ἥβης πρέπουσιν ἄξυρον παρηίδα.
Κ. τοίω κατεῖδον, ἡνίκ' ἐξ ἀγροῦ βόες
ἔστειχον οἴκαδ' ἡνίας ἀνειμένοι
δειπνῶν τέ που γεωργὸς ἵζεν ἐκ πόνου.
χλωρᾶς νιν εἶδον ἀμπέλου χλαίνης ὕπο,
ἣν δὴ παρ' ὄχθον κεῖνον ἕρπουσαν βλέπεις,
βότρυς πεπείρας ἐκ κλάδων καρπουμένους·
ἑστηκότων δ' ἄρ' οὐ κατ' ἄνθρωπον δέμας.
ἐγὼ δε θείαν ὄψιν ἤλπισ' εἰσορᾷν
φαιδρῶν προσώπων ἐν δόμοισιν αἰθέρος,
παίζουσαν ἔνδον Ἴριδος ποικιλμάτων,
νεφέων πτύχας ναίουσαν· ἐκπλαγεὶς δ' ἐγὼ
καὶ προσκυνῶν παρῆλθον· εἰ τούτω ποθεῖς,
χαίρων ἴοιμ' ἂν ὡς ἐς οὐρανοῦ δόμους
τούτοιν κατὰ ζήτησιν, ὦ φίλη γύναι.

NATHAN TO DAVID

Thus Nathan said unto his lord the king :
'There were two men, both dwellers in one town ;
The one was mighty and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field ;
The other poor, having nor ox nor calf

Nor other cattle, save one little lamb
Which he had bought and nourish'd by the hand.
And it grew up and fed with him and his,
And ate and drank as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to live
As was his daughter or his dearest child.
  There came a stranger to this wealthy man ;
And he refus'd and spar'd to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, the poor man's store,
And dress'd it for this stranger in his house.
  What, tell me, shall be done to him for this ? '

G. PEELE.

ὅ δ' οὖν προφήτης εἶπε δεσπότῃ τάδε·
ἦσαν δύ' ἄνδρε πόλιν ἐνοικοῦντες μίαν·
ὁ μὲν μέγας τ' ἐγένετο πλούσιός τ' ἄγαν
βουσίν τε καὶ μήλοισι κἀγέλαις ἀγρῶν·
ὁ δ' αὖ πένης, οὐ βοῦν τιν' οὐ μόσχον τρέφων
οὐδ' ἄλλα πρόβατα· τυτθὸν ἄρν' εἶχεν μόνον,
ὃν δὴ πριάμενος εἶτ' ἐπαίδευσεν χερὶ
βλάστημα, γλυκερὸν ἐν δόμοισιν ἔντροφον,
πίνοντα κἀσθίοντ' ὁμοῦ τοῖς οἰκέταις,
κόλπου καθεύδοντ' ἐντός, ὡς μέλλοντ' ἄγειν
βίον τινος θυγατρὸς ἢ φίλου τέκνου.
ἦλθεν ξένος τις ἄνδρα πλούσιον πάρα·
ὁ δ' οὖν τοσούτων μὴ λαβεῖν ἐφείσατο
οὐδ' ἤθελεν πέψαι τι σιτευτὸν κρέας,
λαβὼν πένητος ἄρνα, θησαυρὸν δόμων,
τλὰς δὴ τοιαύτην δαῖτα παραθεῖναι ξένῳ.
  τί δῆτα, λέξον, ἄξιος παθεῖν ὅδε ;

Many of the Collects were turned by Mr. Lonsdale into Verse as a Sunday study. It is one of the best ways of impressing them on the memory and of learning their full meaning:—

Collect. 3rd Sunday after Trinity

O Lord, we beseech Thee mercifully to hear us, and grant that we to whom Thou hast given an hearty desire to pray, may by Thy mighty aid be defended and comforted in all dangers and adversities; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Ὦ Κύρι' ἡμῶν εὐμενὴς κλύειν θέλε·
πρόφρονα δ', ἱκνούμεθ', ἡμὶν ἐμπνέυσας πόθον
ὅπως λιταῖσι σὸν προσέλθωμεν σέβας,
μεγάλην δὸς ἀλκὴν κἀνακούφισιν, κακὰ
πρὸς δεινὰ κινδύνους τε παντοίους βίου·
καὶ ταῦτ' Ἰησοῦ Κυρίου Χριστοῦ χάριν.

Te, Domine, oramus vota exaudire benignum
Nostra, quibus proclivem animam studiumque dedisti
Te bene quærendi: tu, maxime Præses, adesto,
Tu, bone Defensor, præbe solatia, si qua
Forma mali surgat variis infensa periclis.

Collect. 14th Sunday after Trinity

Almighty and everlasting God, give unto us the increase of faith, hope, and charity; and, that we may obtain that which Thou dost

promise, make us to love that which Thou dost command : through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Ὦ πάντα πρᾶξαι δυνάμενος ζῶν τ' εἰσαεὶ
Θεός, σὲ δὴ λισσόμεθα, πίστεως δίδου
αὔξησιν ἐλπίδος τε κἀγάπης τρίτης·
εἶθ', ἵνα τύχωμεν ὧν γ' ὑπισχνεῖσθαι φιλεῖς,
δίδαξον ἡμᾶς ἐντολῶν τῶν σῶν πόθον.
δὸς ταῦτ' Ἰησοῦ Κυρίου Χριστοῦ χάριν.

Collect. 17*th Sunday after Trinity*

Lord, we pray Thee that Thy grace may always prevent and follow us, and make us continually to be given to all good works; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Ἀεὶ χάριν δός, Κύρι', ἥ γε πρόδρομος
ὀπισθόπους τε προτρέποι διηνεκῶς
ἡμᾶς τελεῖν ὅσ' ἔργα σοὶ δοκεῖ καλά·
δὸς ταῦτ' Ἰησοῦ Κυρίου Χριστοῦ χάριν.

Nos prevenito gratia
Idemque dignator sequi,
Ut si quid est factu probrum
Agamus illud indies.
Audire nos te quæsumus
Ob Christum Iesum supplices,

Lord, by Thy grace prevent us constantly
And follow with no less fidelity,
That heart and soul with whole content
On all good works may thus be bent.
Such mercy there is stored
In Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Editor would have liked to add one of Mr. Lonsdale's Sermons as a specimen; not that he by any means confined himself to the words that he had written, or that his words alone would have been so powerful apart from the eager manner, the flashing eye, the beautiful animated countenance. Some of his best Sermons were not written at all, though parts of them remain in the memory of his hearers. A single specimen of his written Sermons would have sufficed to give some idea of his clear outspoken thought, his short pithy sentences, and his avoidance of long words. But a Volume of his Sermons is already being prepared for publication.[1]

[1] By Longmans, Green, & Co.

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